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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

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The Dominion Illustrated.

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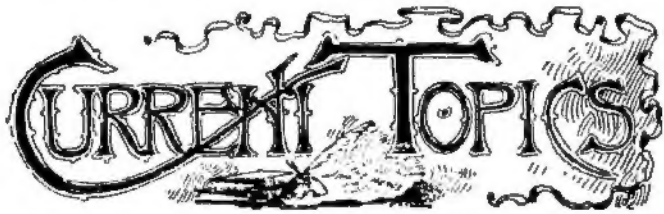
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5th APRIL, 1890.



We very much regret to have to record the death of Mr. W. G. Perley, M.P. for Ottawa, which took place at an early hour on Tuesday morning. Mr. Perley, whose portrait appeared in our last issue, was a native of New Hampshire, having been born at Enfield, in that State, in June, 1830. He has been for many years engaged in the lumber business, and was a member of the firm of Perley & Pattee. He was among the promoters of the Canada Atlantic Railway and other enterprises. In 1887 he received the nomination of the Liberal-Conservative Association of Ottawa, and was elected, Mr. A. F. McIntyre being his opponent. In 1846 Mr. Perley married Miss Ticknor, who died some years afterwards. In 1866 he married Miss Gale, who survives him, and will have the sympathy of many friends in the bereavement that has befallen her.

In his Quarantine and Public Health Report, Dr. Frederick Montizambert discusses the theory, to which some attention has been paid in the press, that influenza is a precursor of cholera. He pronounces it wholly without foundation. Asiatic cholera has been prevalent for a long time in the Philippine Islands. Between August, 1888, and July, 1889, no less than 60,385 persons, according to the *Siglo Medico* (*Medical Age*), died of that terrible disease at Iloilo, Manilla and other Philippine ports. On the 16th of September last the steamship Alberta, from Iloilo, reached the Canadian quarantine station at Grosse Isle. She had two fatal cases of cholera and six cases of choleraic diarrhoea at the port from which she sailed. She brought a cargo of sugar to this city. The same dread disease had invaded Persia and the regions of the Tigris and Euphrates, and showed a tendency to move westward. But by last accounts it was abating. The American Public Health Association warned quarantine authorities on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts to make every effort to guard against the danger.

The report of the chief Controller of Chinese immigration shows that since the Chinese Restriction Act came into force 1,521 Chinese have entered the Dominion. The influx of 1885-86 was 213, of whom 210 went to Victoria, B.C., and one each to Nanaimo, B.C., Winnipeg and Montreal. In the following year the total had fallen to 124, of whom 116 went to Victoria, one to Emerson, Man., and one to Port Arthur, Ont. In 1887-88 the number rose to 290, of whom 219 went to Vancouver, B.C., 56 to Victoria, 12 to New Westminster, and one each to Port Arthur, Clifton, Ont., and Montreal. In 1888-89 this number was more than trebled, the destinations being as fol-

lows: Victoria, 146; Vancouver, 739; Montreal, 6, and Winnipeg, Emerson and Ottawa one each. Mr. Parmalee, Chief Controller, believes that the number constantly leaving Canada is greater than that arriving. After the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, a great many left for the United States, while a few returned to China. The large influx of last year was due to the enforcement of the more stringent prohibition law of the United States, which began in November, 1888.

In his report on French-Canadian repatriation, the Rev. C. A. Beaudry, says that he visited the French-Canadian residents in Nashua and Manchester, N.H., in Worcester, Mass., in Gardner, N.Y., in Fall River, in Providence, R.I., in New Bedford, in Woonsocket Falls, in Boston, Lynn, Lowell and other places—in all which they constituted a large proportion of the population. The later arrivals from this province were mostly poor—from below Quebec mainly. Of the earlier emigrants some were well off and had no notion of coming back, though some of them had occasional touches of nostalgia. Their very multitude in some districts made wages low. In Lowell the Oblats Fathers wanted about 25 men to help in building a church, and they had 400 applications. At least 100 Canadian families went to each of the towns of Nashua, Fall River, Manchester, etc., last year. In fact, Mr. Beaudry says, "emigration keeps on its devastation at the rate of a national plague." We can understand the exodus to the New York and New England manufacturing towns. But it is not so easy to explain the preference of Dakota to Manitoba, which led 30,000 French-Canadians to settle in the former State. Mr. Beaudry supplies the reason. These settlers are generally Canadians who have been living for years—some of them born, doubtless—in the Eastern or Middle States, and there they have been taught that Manitoba is a veritable Siberia. Such as these Mr. Beaudry has hopes of gaining over, nor does he think that it requires much expenditure of money. A few hundred dollars, in his opinion, should go a long way. Last year the amount expended was \$1,287.50. For his own part he volunteers to distribute pamphlets, etc., gratuitously, if he receives the necessary stamps. He thinks that, with energetic effort, the stream could be diverted to the North-West.

The following communication, signed by Mr. Alex. W. Morris, Commodore, and Mr. S. J. Doran, secretary, of the Lake St. Louis Canoe Club, will be of interest to those of our readers who are concerned in this delightful recreation:—"The meet of the northern division of the American Canoe Association, which includes all Canada, will take place at the Lake of Two Mountains next summer, and it is very desirable that the canoeists of this district should be thoroughly organized, so that they may properly maintain the reputation of our city and province. There is an erroneous impression abroad that Montreal makes a specialty of winter sports, and that we are outdone by our western brothers in summer sports (lacrosse always excepted). The camp this summer will enable us to meet the canoeists of Ontario, and while strengthening the friendly feeling which should exist between all true knights of the sail and paddle, will afford Montreal an opportunity to show that summer, or winter, the boys can do credit to their city."

An old proverb says that it is justifiable to learn from one's enemies, and the Danish butter

makers have been for years among the most successful rivals of our Canadian butter exporters in the English market. The old plan of butter exhibition was felt to be lacking in practical results. It failed to trace faults of manufacture and thus encourage the production of better qualities. The system that has been substituted for it is greatly superior in these respects, and when thoroughly organized and in operation is expected to be of considerable utility. Its chief features are as follows:—(1) A continuous butter show at the expense of the State during several months in each year. (2) Here fresh samples of butter will be received every 14 days, the judges' decision to be given on the butter as received and its condition at the end of 14 days. Thus there will be two distinct testings, not only of quality, but also of weight. (3) The samples are to be sent immediately on the receipt of a letter or telegraph, so that the dairymen will not be able to make a special cask for exhibition, and the samples are to be repeated as often as required. (4) Competing dairies must send in a return of the feeding and system generally followed on the farm, with especial reference to the week during which the samples are sent in. There are to be nine judges acting in groups of three, each group recording its independent opinion. The exhibitors are paid at the usual market rate for the samples sent in. As the same dairy will contribute several times in the year, facilities will be afforded for ascertaining the best managed dairies, and thus it will be known where the art of butter-making can be best learned. Questions as to dairy administration are also put to the managers. This information has recently been imparted to the Department of Agriculture in England by Mr. Inglis, the British Consul at Copenhagen.

A Report that, we are sure, would greatly interest some of our military readers, was presented to the British Parliament some time ago by the Director-General of Military Education. It is the fourth of the series and deals with a large number of questions bearing on the training of officers—especially staff officers. In Germany this training is laborious—the principle that the brains of the army consist largely in a competent and instructed staff being held in constant remembrance. A young officer may enter the *Krieg's Academie* three years after being commissioned, but students are not generally admitted until after six or seven years' service. The course lasts three years, after which there are a year and a half of probation at the Headquarters' Staff, and not till that ordeal is passed are the best students selected for the Staff Corps and for promotion. After two years staff service, they return for regimental work for two years more. In France the practice is virtually the same, only that five years' preliminary service (three at regimental duty) is *de rigueur* and the candidate must be more than 32 years old. The course of study is in part obligatory, in part optional—the latter including surveying and topography and some modern languages. The system in Russia, Austria and Italy is practically the same as in Germany and France. In England the limit of age is 37—the average being 30. Thirty-two candidates are admitted annually—vacancies being distributed as follows:—18 to the Cavalry and Infantry; 6 to the Royal Artillery; 3 to the Indian Army; 1 to the Royal Marines; and 4 disposed of by nomination of the Commander-in-Chief. A "Military Correspondent" of the *Times* makes certain suggestions for the improvement of the

course by giving greater attention to practical subjects, such as order-writing, languages, reconnoissance, and devoting less time to others of a merely theoretical character.

The first number of the *Western World*, an illustrated monthly magazine, published and edited by Mr. Acton Burrows, author of "Annals of the Town of Guelph," etc., and devoted to the elucidation of the resources and development of North-Western Ontario, Manitoba, the Prairie Territories and British Columbia, contains a good deal of valuable information on the climate, resources, population, history and progress of Western Canada. Mr. C. N. Bell, F.R.G.S., contributes a historical sketch of Winnipeg, from the year 1736 when La Verendrye, senior, penetrated into the region beyond Lake Superior and reached the confluence of the Red and Assiniboine rivers, to the present day of assured prosperity. Mr. Bell shows that generations ago the site of Winnipeg was recognized as an important central point for the distribution of merchandize. Mr. S. A. Rowbotham illustrates the progress of the city by the growth of its population from 300 in 1870 to 6,000 in 1880, and to 27,000 in 1890. Major H. N. Ruttan, C.E., treats of "Assiniboine Water Power." Mr. D. McIntyre, Inspector of Protestant Schools for the city, deals with "Education in Winnipeg." Mr. Bell has something to say of its trade, on which his position as secretary to the Board of Trade enables him to speak with authority. Farming in Manitoba, the climate of the North-West, the character of the soil, the sort of settlers required, and the methods by which they may be secured—these and other questions are discussed with knowledge and judgment. Throughout the duty of a vigorous immigration policy is urged upon our Government and legislators as the vital question for trans-Superior Canada—the earnest speech of the Hon. Mr. Loughheed in the Dominion Senate strongly pleading the same cause.

THE IMMIGRATION REPORT.

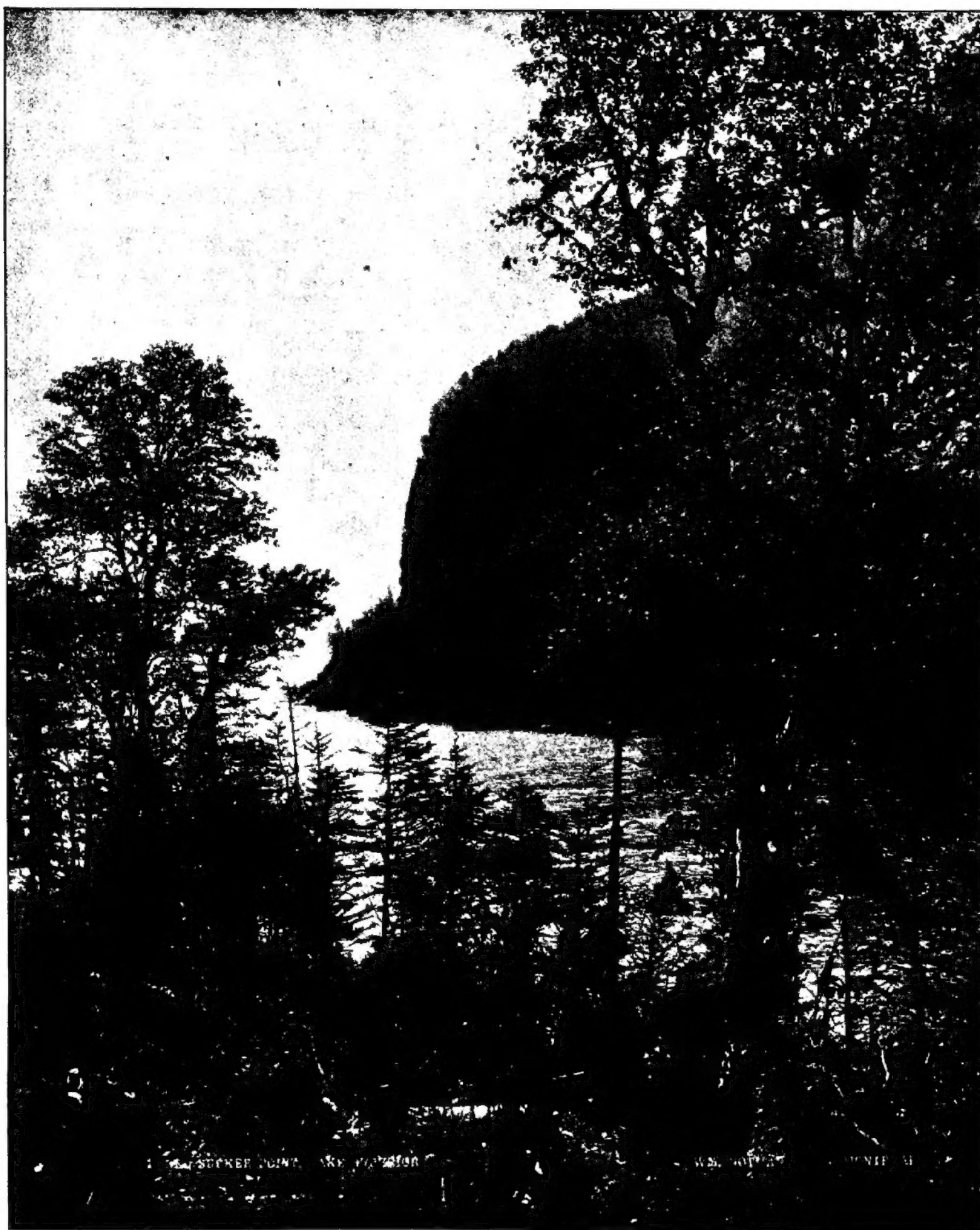
The movement of population into, out of, and to and fro within the limits of the Dominion, has of late been the subject of discussion in Parliament and in the press. We have already given some of the figures representing the official returns as to immigration during the past year. The total, 176,462, compared with the annual influx of the last decade, ranks as third, the only years that have surpassed it being 1882 (193,150) and 1883 (206,898). Of immigrants who declared their intention to settle in Canada, the number given for 1889 (91,600) has been thrice surpassed in ten years—133,624 being set down to 1883; 112,458 to 1882, and 103,824 to 1884. Of last year's whole number of settlers, 38,617 are reported as having arrived with settler's goods at the Custom Houses, having with them a total value of \$1,516,798.04—a considerable increase both in immigrants and property over the previous year's showing. To this should be added the value of cash and effects at the various ports of entry, \$1,648,158, making a total of \$3,164,956. This figure has also been exceeded in previous years—in 1883 and 1884 especially. The immigrants, who came to settle, were almost all of a good class. They belonged to various nationalities—British, German, French, Belgian, Scandinavian, Hungarian, Roumanian, Russian, and even Turkish.

Turning to the agents' reports, we find a good deal of information of interest. Mr. McGovern,

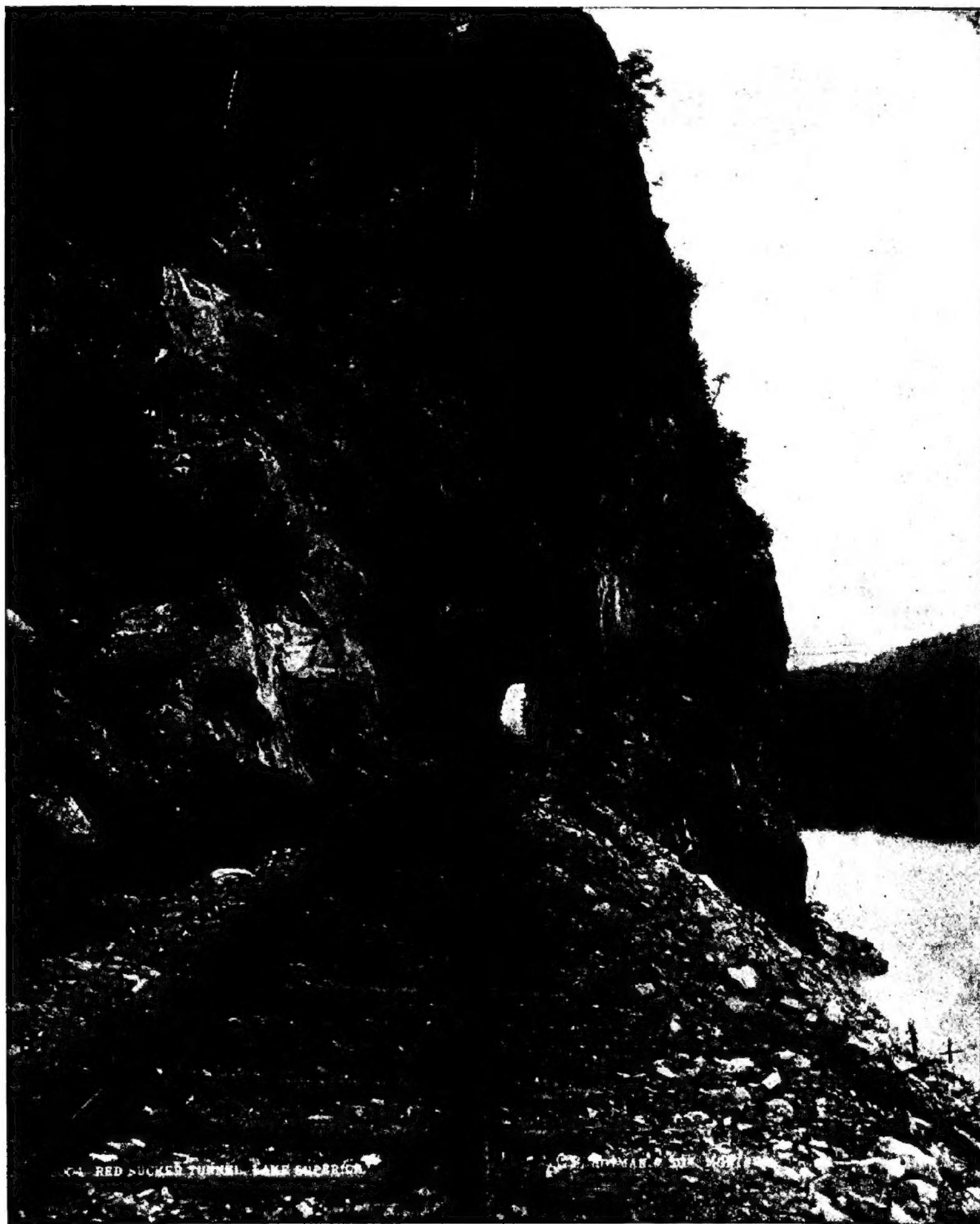
of Port Arthur, was instructed to ascertain the intended destinations of immigrants arriving at that point—a task which he found far from easy. Manitoba received the bulk of them. He regretted a falling off in the number of Scandinavian settlers, and also some decrease in Icelanders, both of whom make excellent pioneers, but there was some increase in the arrivals of Germans, French, Russians, etc. It was to be regretted that the British colonists were about 1,400 less than during the previous year, and, as a class, not so desirable. Of the whole number reaching Port Arthur, 16,342 were seeking Manitoba; 5,091 the North-West Territories; 5,703 British Columbia. Mr. Bennett, of Winnipeg, has also to regret the falling off of settlers from Great Britain. He suggests the "flattering inducements" offered by the Argentine Republic—an apology which, to speak mildly, causes us a little surprise. It is not the Argentine, but a nearer Republic, that we have most to fear. One agent is pleased to think that the jaunt on the C.P.R., which some of the Pacific States bound travellers find so convenient, will prove a memorable lesson to them, and that they will probably one day return to prairie land. Another regrets that the strangers should see so much of the Rocky Mountains and ulterior ranges on their way to the coast, as more likely to be a source of despair than of admiration. Another still deprecates the exaggerations by which some of the newcomers have been impelled to cross the continent, and suggests that in cases of disappointment such beguiled travellers should be brought back to the prairie country. There is not a report that can be accepted as entirely satisfactory. In every case there is the consciousness, expressed or implied, that the results attained are trivial compared with the advantages offered. The picture that Mr. McGovern gives of himself and his assistants pestering the many-tongued foreigners as to their destination, their means, their trades, is rather absurd, when the main business—that of assuring immigration to Canada—has clearly been neglected. Yet, according to Mr. Payne, who went to Castle Garden to investigate the methods of our neighbours, the same random policy is in vogue there as here. There are, he says, no organized means for the distribution of immigrants—it is all a matter of railway agencies and ticket-buying. What concerns us is that so large a proportion of our fellow-countrymen, in search of new homes, pass by our doors. More than half a million of immigrants—the surplus being, indeed, equal to more than half the entire figure of our new settlers last year—entered the United States in 1888. Of these we are told that the skilled labourers—59,985—were more than double the farmers—the latter being slightly more than five per cent of the whole, and that our own showing in this respect is much more favourable—the balance being on the side of the farmers. It is also noteworthy that two old States—New York and Pennsylvania—have during the past ten years received about half the whole alien influx—only fourteen per cent going to the new lands of the west. That undoubtedly involves a serious problem for coming generations—a problem of which publicists are already groping for a solution. The authorities have for some years been rejecting unsuitable immigrants, but the average of those deemed unfit is trifling, compared with the totality. Mr. Payne speaks highly of some of the Castle Garden facilities for dealing with the newcomers

and their belongings—commending especially the labour bureau, the boarding houses and other arrangements. It is significant, as Mr. Payne points out, that in Europe the emigration movement is increasing. It is no longer limited to the Atlantic countries, but extends all across the continent, even to Turkey.

That Canada will ultimately be filled up no one can doubt. But we must not wait till the United States flows over. We ought to have our share of the bone and muscle—intellectual and moral as well as physical, that the Mother Country is parting with and also of whatever capital (with the educational and social advantages that it may be generally deemed to imply) accompanies the exodus. We really ought not to be beggars for such favours. The advantages that new Canada (with much of old Canada) offers to persons of thrift and energy have been set forth again and again by experts from the United Kingdom. Since 1880—since the visit of the British Association, especially—scores of writers have volunteered to extol our great domain as suited for every class of emigrant. But nothing worth having is won without effort, and in this age of activity in thought and deed, fresh interests are incessantly claiming attention. Young men of enterprise will strike out for themselves and make their own choice of destination, whatever our agents may say. Still it is not enough to say and be silent. The Argentine Republic, which is mildly cited as a formidable rival to Canada for British settlers, has spent millions on this one great aim of filling its waste places with industrious, hopeful, successful citizens. Yet Canada, with half a continent to dispose of, adopts a penurious, peddling policy. It reminds one of Hood's Comic Annual picture of the pennywise pounds foolish fellow who is hugging his little pile of coppers while the bank notes are fleeing on the breeze to unknown goals. Our Government is hugging its pence, but the emigrants are taking wing to near or distant bournes, from which they will never, we may be sure, come to us, save, perhaps, as fastidious tourists years hence. We must confess that the Report of the department is keenly disappointing to those who have any pride in their country. We make no comment on the charges and insinuations of incorrectness. It is easy for outsiders to say that this or that is inaccurate, but surely the officials who have given all their time to the subject are in a better position to know the truth. It is poor spite to blame them. The working heads of the department, and most of their subordinates, are thoroughly in earnest, and have long since indicated the defects of the system. If Canada is ever to develop in population, enterprise and wealth in harmony with its vast and varied resources, it must be through a different immigration policy from that which we have regretfully to condemn. What is the use of spending money on railways and public works of all kinds if no effective means are taken to create a corresponding growth of population? Proportionally, far more was spent and to better purpose sixty or seventy years ago when new Canada had no railways and hardly any roads than now when the immigrant to any part of the Dominion is placed in communication with all the markets of the world. Our people and their representatives have, however, begun to take this all important question to heart and our immigration policy must be brought into fruitful harmony with the country's requirements.



RED SUCKER POINT, NORTH SHORE LAKE SUPERIOR.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



RED SUCKER TUNNEL, LAKE SUPERIOR, ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



CANADIAN MOUNTED INFANTRY.—The representation of a group of the Canadian Mounted Infantry is taken from a photograph by Steele & Wing, of Winnipeg. This corps forms a portion of the permanent force of Canada, and is stationed at Winnipeg, where the severity of the winter climate necessitates the picturesque and warm uniform shown in the picture. It is well known that mounted infantry, as far as means of locomotion and all the duties regularly pertaining to mounted corps, such as reconnaissance, outpost and scouting work, are, to all intents and purposes, the same as cavalry, but when it comes to actual fighting they always do so dismounted. They gallop to seize a position or to cover the advance of larger bodies, dismount and send their horses to the rear within call, using their rifles to the best advantage, and when their particular work is done in that part of the combat, they quickly mount and rapidly move to some other coign of vantage. The picture presented represents the bugler sounding "Horses up" at the moment, when a change of position has been ordered and the horses are being brought up for that purpose. In all the late wars in which the Imperial army has been engaged, mounted infantry have played a prominent part and have proved themselves an invaluable adjunct to the force in the field. There is no doubt that in all future wars they will be largely employed, combining as they do the mobility of cavalry with the rifle power of infantry.

RED SUCKER POINT AND RED SUCKER TUNNEL, C. P. R.—This is an example of scenery of which we have already published a number of striking instances. As the summer approaches the tourist will be starting westward once more, and, while he will find much improvement and progress in the building up of new and the strengthening and adorning of old settlements, he will find the natural charms of the mountain region unimpaired. As for the sportsman, he will find every variety of game that can occupy a Nimrod's attention, from base to summit of these towering peaks; while, as for fishing, the lakes, ponds, rivers and creeks are rich in all sorts of species.

THE 'VARSITY FOOTBALL CLUB.—Last season was an especially brilliant one in the football annals of Toronto University, and the pictures of the victorious team and a short account of their records will be of interest to our readers. At the opening of the season nothing very great was expected from either the Association or Rugby teams, and thus the splendid success that crowned their efforts is all the more gratifying. The Association team was composed of almost entirely new men; but these, by constant attendance at practice, made names for themselves in football circles. They captured two championships and a set of flags. By defeating the Scots, Osgoode Hall and the Torontos in succession, with a total of 8 goals to their opponents' 1, they won the championship of the Toronto League. In the series for the championship of Canada they defeated Galt in that town by 2 goals to 1, and again on the 'Varsity lawn, in the presence of 2,500 people, by 1 goal to 0. At a tournament at Coburg they won the handsome silk flags offered by the Victoria University Football club. Altogether they played 8 matches, winning 7, losing none and 1 drawn, with a grand total of 16 goals to their opponents' 4. The season of the Rugby team was also an eminently successful one, their record, as in the case of the Association team, being marred by not a single defeat. They generously cancelled their date with Ottawa College in favour of Queen's, and thus were unable to compete for the championship; but, notwithstanding this, their victories certainly give them a high place among the Rugby clubs of Canada. The annual fixtures between the 'Varsity and McGill and 'Varsity and Trinity resulted in victories for 'Varsity. Hamilton, the Royal Military College and Upper Canada College succumbed to the prowess of the skillful 'Varsity players. The Torontos were defeated on the lawn in the presence of an immense assemblage by 12 to 4. 'Varsity had a grand total of 185 points to their opponents' 24. Both clubs expect to put strong teams in the field next fall, and retain or better their present high position.

MR. JAMES CLARKE, ESQ., J.P.—Mr. James Clarke, the newly elected Grand Master of the Provincial Grand Orange Lodge of Ontario East, is an Irishman by birth, having been born at Magheramorne, Carrickfergus, County Antrim, near to the historic and memorable spot where King William the Third, Prince of Orange, first landed in Ireland. Grand Master Clarke joined the Orange order in 1848, and for 47 years has been a consistent and enthusiastic member of the order. Mr. Clarke, who is a teacher by profession, emigrated to Canada in 1847, and settled at Bytown (now the city of Ottawa), where he has since resided, and as the reward of industry, thrift and perseverance has acquired a goodly share of worldly prosperity, and is one of Ottawa's most honored and respected citizens. The Grand Master-elect has always been known as a Protestant of the staunchest Presbyterian type, and in politics a pronounced Conservative. In the present anti-Jesuit crusade Mr. Clarke has taken a very prominent part, being one of the delegates who proceeded to Quebec to interview the Governor General and request that the Jesuits Estate Act be disallowed. He also presided at the great anti-Jesuit demonstration at Ottawa on the 5th of Novem-

ber last, which was attended by thousands of the loyal yeomanry of the Counties of Carleton, Russell, etc. Grand Master Clarke is an active worker in the Equal Rights Association, and is a great admirer and staunch supporter of Dalton McCarthy, Q.C., M.P., in his efforts to free the North-West Territories from the dual language system. In the city of Ottawa and County of Carleton for many years past the name of Mr. James Clarke has been a familiar one in every Orange and Protestant household.

WILLIAM SMITH, ESQ., DEPUTY MINISTER OF MARINE.—Mr. William Smith, Deputy Minister of Marine, entered the services of Her Majesty's Customs at the port of Leith, Scotland, in 1840, to which he was appointed by the Lords of the Treasury, and is a native of the same place. He was born in 1821, and educated at the high school of Edinburgh. He was appointed by the British Government Second Clerk of the Imperial Customs, St. John, New Brunswick, in 1842; Surveyor of Shipping in 1850; appointed by the Government of New Brunswick Controller of Customs and Navigation and Registrar of Shipping in 1855; Receiver-General of Admiralty Droits for New Brunswick in 1858; Commissioner to investigate complaints against the Police Department of St. John in 1862. He was appointed by the Governor of New Brunswick a member of the West Indian Trade Commission for British North America in 1865 (of which the Hon. William Macdougall was chairman), representing New Brunswick on that commission. He was appointed secretary of the Department of Marine and Fisheries of Canada in 1867, on the recommendation of Hon. Peter Mitchell; Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries in 1868 by the Governor-General-in-Council, also a member of the Audit Board and the Civil Service Board of Canada. He was appointed a member of the Civil Service Commission for the purpose of re-organizing the Civil Service of Canada in 1868. He was a delegate from the Government of Canada in 1876 to the Imperial Government with the view of conferring with that government and protecting the interest of Canadian ship-owners when the Merchant Shipping Bill was under consideration by the Imperial Parliament. Mr. Smith became Deputy Minister of Marine in 1884 on the division of the Department of Marine and Fisheries into two departments. While in New Brunswick he was a director of several companies. Amongst others he was president and director of the St. John Gas company, and a director of the Scottish Life Association for New Brunswick. Mr. Smith is vice-president of the Ottawa Club.

DEAD MAN'S SWAMP.—A glance at this scene, so ominous in name and association, is enough to suggest all sorts of tragedies. The chief figure in our engraving has acquired a wide and unhappy notoriety in connection with the disappearance of Mr. Benwell, son of a retired officer in Bath, England. The coroner's jury deemed that there was sufficient evidence to remand him to take his trial on the terrible charge. Many persons are, however, too prone to accept damaging appearances (and damaging they undoubtedly are in this case) as proof of guilt. According to British law and usage no one is regarded as other than innocent till his guilt has been legally proved. Meanwhile, the case has attracted intense interest in Great Britain and on this continent, especially Canada. What the issue will be it is needless and would be improper to forecast, but we hope that the result will be such as to make it impossible in future for young men to be lured to their death on the pretence of securing land in Canada.

THACKERAY'S PROCRASTINATION.

James T. Fields in his "Yesterdays with Authors," relates the following incident of Thackeray: As he wrote from month to month and liked to put off the inevitable until the last moment, he was often in great tribulation. I happened to be one of a large company whom he had invited to a six o'clock dinner at Greenwich one summer afternoon several years ago. We were all to go down from London, assemble in a particular room in the hotel, where he was to meet us at six o'clock sharp. Accordingly, we took steamer and gathered ourselves together in the reception-room at the appointed time. When the clock struck six our host had not fulfilled his part of the contract. His burly figure was yet wanting among the company assembled. As the guests were nearly all strangers to each other, and as there was no one present to introduce us, a profound silence fell upon the room, and we anxiously looked out of the windows, hoping every moment that Thackeray would arrive.

This untoward state of things went on for an hour, still no Thackeray and no dinner. English reticence would not allow any remark as to the absence of our host. Everybody felt serious, and a gloom fell upon the assembled party. Still no Thackeray. The landlord, the butler and waiters rushed in and out of the room shrieking for the master of the feast, who as yet had not arrived. It was confidentially whispered by a fat gentleman with a hungry look that the dinner was utterly spoiled twenty minutes ago, when we heard a merry shout in the entry and Thackeray bounded into the room. He had not changed his morning dress, and ink was still visible on his fingers. Clapping his hands and pirouetting briskly on one leg, he cried out, "Thank heaven, the last sheet of the Virginians has just gone to the printer." He made no apology for his late appearance, introduced nobody, shook hands heartily with everybody and begged us all to be seated as quickly as possible. His exquisite delight at completing his book swept away every other feeling, and we all shared his pleasure, albeit the dinner was overdone throughout.

THE WAR OF 1812.

(CONTINUED FROM NO. 89.)

The capture of Detroit was a bold venture, but the safety of the country called for just such prompt, vigorous measures, and in leading his men on such an expedition General Brock had not done it without careful consideration. He well knew that the safety of the province committed to his charge depended on the defeat of the North-West army, which, owing to the vacillating conduct of General Hull, had already lost much valuable time. And though he had withdrawn his troops from Sandwich, there is no doubt that he would have endeavoured to march against Amherstburg a second time. In addition to this, large reinforcements were already on their way to join him, and had not General Brock acted with the promptitude which he used, Canada would have been overwhelmed by the vast hordes let loose upon her borders. Nothing but decisive measures could have saved Canada at this time, and in bringing about the fall of Detroit General Brock may well be called the saviour of Canada. His wonderful energy is shown in the amount of work accomplished in the short space of nineteen days, in which he had, with the help of his Parliament, settled the public business of the province, called together his small army, made a long and difficult journey, and followed an enemy of double his number into his own country and defeated it.

According to the terms of capitulation drawn up at the surrender of Fort Detroit, the militia were to be taken to Buffalo, and from there allowed to return to their native State, Ohio. The boats employed to convey the militia to Buffalo were the Detroit and the Caledonia. Utterly unsuspecting of any danger, they were lying in the harbour of Fort Erie, when they were suddenly assailed in the darkness by two large boats filled by American troops. The Detroit was instantly taken, but Captain Irvine, of the Caledonia, which lay a short distance below the Detroit, made a desperate but ineffectual resistance. The surprise of these two vessels was considered a great feat at the time by the Americans, and contributed to lessen the gloom which the surrender of General Hull and his army had occasioned. But as both vessels lay in perfect security, not thinking it necessary to be on the alert, considering the pacific character in which they were engaged, the Americans were certainly not justified in acting in the manner in which they did, as they violated the sanctity of the flag which continued to float as long as there were prisoners on board remaining to be landed.

As soon as General Brock had settled affairs at Detroit, he sailed for the Niagara frontier, where the enemy was massing in great numbers.

With untiring activity, he had already formed plans for an instantaneous attack upon Fort Niagara, which stood on the right bank of the river, opposite to the British post, Fort George. But on his arrival at the latter place he found, to his great dismay, instructions awaiting him from Sir George Prevost, which completely disarranged the extensive plan of operations which he had intended to carry out. Sir George Prevost, formerly Governor of Nova Scotia, had, on the 14th of September, 1811, been appointed to the charge of the administration of Lower Canada, with the supreme military command of both provinces. As a civil governor, he was well fitted for his position, but he lacked military talent, and was altogether too timid about seizing opportunities, and striking the decisive blow when occasion offered. So far, owing, no doubt, to the disinclination of the Eastern States to participate in the war, the Lower Provinces had not been assailed. Four regiments of militia were embodied, being principally composed of habitants, a regiment of Canadian Voltigeurs, under the command of Major de Salaberry, who so nobly distinguished himself later on in the war. This same company worked with great perseverance to render the road to the United States from L'Acadie, through Burtonville and Odelltown, impassable by abatis, while every precaution was taken to prevent a sudden surprise from that quarter.

A cordon was also formed along the frontier of Lower Canada from Yamaska to St. Regis, where

the line of separation between the United States and Lower Canada touches the St. Lawrence. So far but slender reinforcements had been sent out. These consisted of the 103rd Regiment and a weak battalion of the 1st or Royal Scots from the West Indies, with a few recruits. The British Orders-in-Council, the ostensible cause of the war, had been revoked seven days after war had been declared by Congress, and on learning of this Sir George Prevost, hoping that affairs would now be amicably settled between the two countries, proposed an armistice to General Dearborn, commander-in-chief of the United States army, who had fixed his headquarters at Greenbush, near Albany.

General Dearborn readily consented to an armistice (except as to General Hull, who, he said, acted under the immediate direction of the Secretary of War). Happily, however, General Brock had succeeded in taking Detroit before being stopped by any such suicidal instructions as those which now awaited him on his arrival at Fort George in the shape of armistice.

In vain General Brock urged the importance of immediate action, and the harm which would be done to the British cause by stopping just when they had a chance of expelling the enemy.

Writing from Kingston, he said: "Attack Sackett's Harbour from here; with our present naval superiority it must fall. The troops at Niagara will be recalled for its protection. While they march, we sail; and before they can return the whole Niagara force will be ours." In reply he was told to do nothing, to remain on the defensive and not provoke the enemy, who, quietly taking advantage of the armistice, even removed some fine vessels from Ogdensburg under the guns of Fort Wellington at Prescott to Sackett's Harbour, the nursery of the enemy's fleet, while Commodore Chauncey made the most active exertions to increase on Lake Ontario and Lake Erie their fleet, which was as yet far inferior to the British, and which later on gave the Americans that ascendancy on Lake Ontario which enabled them to destroy Toronto, besides giving them time to transport their stores and reinforcements.

As General Brock watched these proceedings, his strong spirit chafed against the orders which compelled him to submit to such near-sighted management. His feelings on the subject are shown by a letter which he wrote about this time:

"A river about 500 yards wide divides the troops. My instructions oblige me to adopt defensive measures, and I have evinced greater forbearance than was ever practised on any former occasion. It is thought that without the aid of the sword the American people may be brought to a due sense of their own interest. I firmly believe that I could at this moment sweep everything before me between Fort Niagara and Buffalo. The militia, being principally composed of enraged democrats, are more ardent and anxious to engage, but they have neither subordination nor discipline. They die very fast. It is certainly singular that we should be two months in a warfare, and that along this widely extended frontier not a single death, either natural or by the sword, should have occurred among the troops under my command, and we have not been altogether idle, nor has a single desertion taken place."

And now word came that the United States Government refused to agree to the armistice which had been entered upon by the commanders of the British and American forces, no doubt thinking it emanated from a sense of weakness on the part of the British Government. The American forces had by this time increased rapidly, and threatened Montreal by St. John and Odelltown, while the force on the Niagara frontier under General Van Rensselaer gave ample proof that an attack in that quarter was to be looked for. General Harrison was also collecting an army at River Raisin. That a second attack might at any moment be expected, General Brock well knew; for never for one instant did he relinquish his watch over the enemy's movements, and he kept his small force ever ready for the occasion.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

The fourth section—geology and biology—of the Royal Society of Canada has elected Dr. T. Wesley Mills, of this city, as one of its members. Dr. Mills will do credit to the Society.

Prof. Roberts has been elected a member of the English Literature Section of the Royal Society of Canada. The author of "Orion" and "In Divers Tones" has our cordial congratulations.

Mr. W. Blackburn Harte had a characteristically vigorous letter on Canadian aspirations and prospects in a late number of the *New York Tribune*. We do not, however, accept his conclusions.

The young author of "Fleurs de Lys" is bringing out another volume of verse, entitled "The Romance of Sir Richard." Subscribers are requested to send their names to Mr. Drysdale, publisher, 232 St. James street.

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, one of our esteemed contributors, has taken charge of a literary column in *United Canada*. Dr. O'Hagan should be a welcome acquisition to any journal or periodical that has the benefit of his services.

The *Catholic Review*, of New York, recently contained a graceful tribute of praise to the poems of Dr. O'Hagan. The *Review* is edited by the Rev. J. Talbot Smith, author of "A Woman of Culture," etc. Mr. Smith is a man of fine literary tastes.

Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin's lecture on "Culture and Practical Power," delivered at the opening of Lansdowne College, Portage la Prairie, has reached a second edition. The first edition was favourably reviewed both in Canada and England. Mr. Gladstone, to whom it is dedicated, considers it "interesting and valuable"—"a stroke struck for civilization."

Mr. W. J. White favoured us with a double quarterly number of *Canadians*, which contained a view and description of Trafalgar Tower, the conclusion of Miss. B. L. Macdonell's excellent paper on Canadian Literature up to 1841, the continuation of Mr. Cruikshank's "Reminiscences of Col. Claus," and contributions from Messrs. W. D. Lighthall and R. C. Douglas on the Rebellion of '37-'38 and the old Lachine Canal. We hope that by and by this size will become permanent.

Mr. Gerald E. Hart's grand collection of rare books, manuscripts, autographs, prints, etc., will be sold by auction on Tuesday and following days, April 15th to 19th, by Messrs. C. F. Libbie & Co., 13 Hayward Place, Boston. This collection, the careful work of many years, is rich in *Americana* and *Canadians*, which it would be a serious loss for Canada to part with. It is to be hoped that some of our munificent book-lovers will secure some at least of them either for their own shelves or to enrich our public libraries.

ROBERT BROWNING.

To the Editor of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—On a hint some time ago from your excellent and kindly contributor, Lockhart, that he was contemplating a Canadian symposium on Browning, I sent him the lines I subjoin, and was rather disappointed at finding from the extract in your now last number, from the *Transcript Monthly*, of *Portland*, that the editor had not found room for them, as I hope you will. My praise seems reasonably strong—Mr. Roberts, I see, gently comments on our poet's love of the obscure—and the clear and loving spirit of Mr. Lockhart's own verse leads me to believe that he would not object to a little more light and love, and will not be angry with me that I incline to agree with Mr. Duvar, in preferring the wife to the husband as a poet; I say nothing as to his psychological analysis or just and keen satire, or the theosophy of *'Caliban on Setebos.'*

BROWNING.

Since you ask me, gentle Lockhart,
Leader of the band of minstrels
In the songs of our Dominion,
What I think of Robert Browning—
Take my thoughts for your symposium.
What he wrote, and what he taught
Is bright with wit, with wisdom fraught;
Large and lofty, strong and pure.
His pregnant verse at times secure,
But still with some deep thought behind it—
So deep that many fail to find it.
Old proverbs say, that of the dead
Nothing but good should e'er be said;
Yet, I should better like our bard
If his hard things were not so hard.
Is there not something of the sphinx
In Caliban's mysterious "Thinks"?
Something not Hebrew, Greek or Asian,
And not exactly Athanasian?
Some hidden thing we long to see
In that deep, mystical "So he"?
Must we not Browning's spirit call
To lift the veil, and, once for all,
These riddles to explain and solve
With all the mysteries they involve,
And thus from all reproach our honoured bard absolve?

Ottawa.

W.

GEORGE MONK, DUKE OF ALBEMARLE.

Monk is one of the least understood of English historical characters. By turns a soldier of fortune in the Low Countries, an officer in the service of Charles I., a prominent and implicitly trusted lieutenant of Cromwell, and, finally, the man who placed Charles II. upon the throne of England, he has commonly been denied a place among England's worthies. That a man could serve successively a line of masters such as these was not in accord with common impressions of virtue. It has been most obvious, to superficial observers, that such a man was a timeserver and turncoat of the purest type. This, however, is not the view which a study of his life has produced in Mr. Corbett's mind. Before Monk there lay a labyrinth which it was his destiny to tread; it was given him to tread it with extraordinary success, and Mr. Corbett finds a very simple rule of life that he employed for his guidance. This was "to be true to his paymaster." At the same time he had a very simple political creed. This was "to obey the civil authority which employed him."

Mr. Corbett has at any rate made out an interesting case for Monk. The character of Monk was simple. Guile and subtlety were not parts of his equipment. His greatest endowment was "an absolute intrepidity which afterward served to terrify the carpet knights of the Restoration and even make Prince Rupert hold his breath." This, joined to his rule of life already cited, gives the key to his character. Monk was an English citizen first, a soldier next, a politician not at all. Of the real meaning of the strife between Crown and Parliament he was "incapable of grasping any conception." When confined in the Tower and writing his book, "Observations upon Military and Political Affairs," we are able to see him "looking mournfully from the place apart at the distractions with which his beloved country was torn." For him it was "all a mere question of the interior, and to his eyes no question of the interior, not even religion itself, was worth a civil war or the sacrifice of England's military renown."

When at last Monk stood before the crisis in his career, and could reflect, as he is reported to have done—"Counsellor I have none to rely on. Many of my officers have been false. But religion, law, liberty, and my own fame are at stake. I will go on and leave the event to God"—Mr. Corbett says, "No aim more patriotic was ever set up with more manly devotion." When Parliament made him Captain-General under Parliament of all the land forces in England, Scotland, and Ireland, he was by virtue of this rank "as fully as the sovereign of to-day the constitutional head of the nations in arms." And he might have been all this and more. He was urged to take upon himself the civil authority as well as the military; but, though it was held out to him that a restoration meant his own death, since, like Stanley, who enthroned the Tudors, he would be "too great to live," Monk yielded not. He merely asked others to fear nothing, and when they offered to bring a petition with 100,000 signatures he was obdurate and dismissed them from his presence.

Mr. Corbett accords to Monk the credit of having saved England from a revolution that should drag on a bankrupt existence with ever accumulating loss. He did what Cromwell strove to do and failed because the hour was not yet ripe.

Monk was laid at rest with extraordinary honours. Charles arranged the funeral, and the magnificence of it was almost royal. By the King in person were the remains escorted to Westminster Abbey and there deposited in Henry VII.'s Chapel with the bones of Kings. Among the great ones who were permitted to share in giving these last honours the humblest was the one upon whom was to fall the cloak of Monk, and then a simple ensign, named John Churchill. It was Charles's intention to raise a magnificent memorial to the man to whom he owed his crown. But none has ever been set up. The King was "too poor," the new Duke too profligate, and the homely Duchess died with broken heart while her lord still lay in state. "Since that day none but distant kinsmen have been found even to show posterity where lie the remains of Monk. The only son of Monk married a half-witted daughter of a Duke; no child blessed the union, and the extravagance of the woman drove the young man to evil courses, which dragged him to an untimely end. Thus it came to pass that with the crown of the Stuarts fell the coronet of Albemarle, "for, by a strange irony, as William of Orange was on the eve of sailing to dethrone the dynasty which the first Duke had so triumphantly restored, the last Duke was dying in Jamaica, a broken gambler and a sot."

THE OXFORD JONES.

At Oxford a good deal of fun is poked at the Welshmen who crowd to Jesus College; they are currently believed to answer mostly to the name of Jones. One evening a stranger arrived at the porter's lodge, and a colloquy began as follows:—Stranger: Kindly direct me to the rooms of Mr. Jones. Porter: "There are forty-three Mr. Joneses in college, sir." Stranger: "The man I wish to see is Mr. David Jones." Porter: "Twenty-one Mr. David Joneses in college, sir." Stranger: "My Mr. David Jones has red hair." Porter: "Seven Mr. David Joneses have red hair." Stranger: "This is very awkward. Mr. Jones asked me to come and take wine with him." Porter: "Why didn't you say so at first, sir! Second staircase, ground-floor, right. All the other Mr. Joneses drink beer."



W. L. McQuarrie W. H. Bunting A. Boulbee G. B. Burson D. J. Armour, *Field Capt.* F. H. Moss H. C. Pope, *Sec.-Treas.* C. H. Hutchins
W. J. Moran G. B. McClean H. D. Symmes H. McLaren W. I. Senkler, *Capt.* W. Cross A. T. Watt S. Lucas
H. D. Symmes W. P. Thompson J. G. McKay A. E. McLaughlin

'Varsity (Rugby) Football Team, Toronto, 1889.
(Staunton, photo.)



J. B. Lockhart L. Norman A. R. Goldie J. W. Edgar J. C. Breckenridge A. H. Mabee H. B. Fraser E. C. Senkler
D. M. Duncan J. R. Blake W. F. Thomson, *Team-Capt.* J. B. Peat, *Capt.* W. L. Senkler C. S. Wood W. S. McLay

'VARSITY (ASSOCIATION) FOOTBALL CLUB, TORONTO, 1889.
(Eddy Bros., photo.)

"The World, The Flesh and The Devil."

By MAY AUSTIN.

This was in the large drawing-room, both the doors were shut, but Agnes became conscious of an altercation in the hall. She paused in astonishment; a voice, stern and shrill, was raised in fury.

"Hold your tongue—hold your tongue!"

There was the sound, too, of a foot brought down in anger on the polished floor, then retreating steps, and all was calm again.

Agnes went on with her dusting, but she was disturbed, perplexed; she was alone in the house with Mrs. Melville and the servants. No servant would dare speak like that, yet was she to believe those rasping tones emanated from the thin, curved lips of gentle, timorous Mrs. Mat Melville.

When the dusting was over, and to day she had dusted with even greater diligence than usual, for Mrs. Mat Melville had that morning addressed her smilingly:

"You are not a good duster, Miss Power; I always have to dust your legs." Mrs. Mat was very fond of the personal pronoun. It afforded Agnes some amusement.

When every bit of furniture, every book, bric-a-brac, etc., had been most carefully done there, and Agnes on her way upstairs, she heard low and prolonged moaning, as of some one in mortal agony. These sounds issued from Mrs. Melville's bedroom. She paused, and then gave a gentle knock at the door, and, receiving a faint "come in," pushed the door open and entered. Mrs. Melville lay stretched on her back on the broad sofa, her eyes half closed, tears trickling in a weak way down her cheeks, while her little hands were clasped loosely before her.

"You are ill," said Agnes, with kind concern. "What can I do for you?"

"It is one of my attacks coming on. Oh, Miss Power, you dusting, and me might have died. You should never lose sight of me; they come on me so suddenly. Find the poultice bags, make me some poultices, and boil me some water in the spirit lamp; and do so quick, Miss Power."

"Where shall I find the bags," said Agnes, timidly. A certain nervousness of incapability had seized her, the sense of helplessness which comes in an emergency quite unlooked for.

"The idea of asking me, a sick woman! Find them—look for them, but do so quick: don't let me die: if Rosie were only here, she knows how to do everything."

Agnes answered nothing. She was on her knees before some half-opened drawers, trying to guess by inspiration which held the needed bags. Hurriedly, with trembling, nervous hands, she sought through bundles of rags, scraps of cotton, bunches of cotton wool, till at last she came upon them. She was outside the door when a word from Mrs. Melville recalled her.

"Make the poultices yourself; don't disturb Bridget, and make them in the old dog-can."

It was well that Agnes was out in the hall by this time, for she lost control of her facial muscles, and could not prevent a little burst of laughter.

She was turning the steaming linseed into one of the bags, when Rosie ran in from the yard.

"Is mamma sick?"

"I'm afraid so."

"What has she been doing? She does too much. It is too bad you should let her get sick, Miss Power."

Words of defence rose on Agnes Power's lips, but, thought of the mother she meant to help restrained their utterance.

"We will make her well soon, Rosie; you run up to your mother, and I will follow with this as soon as possible."

This attack of Mrs. Melville's lasted all day. Dr. Maitland was sent for, but he merely felt her pulse and ordered poultices. Agnes ran up and down stairs continually, applying hot ones, taking out cold ones to be reheated, at Mrs. Melville's instigation.

Bridget insisted upon giving her assistance after some time, but it could be clearly seen this was from a sense of duty, not compassion for the sufferer.

"Nasty, dirty, smelly stuff," she reiterated, as she shovelled it out with an old greasy spoon and a long face.

"It's enough to make well folks sick to their stumicks."

It was five o'clock in the afternoon before Mrs. Melville volunteered she was "easier."

"Rosie might run away and play now, and you might get your work, Miss Power, and sit by me; it's too bad, a whole day wasted from the mending, and so much to be done."

"Take great care of my illy dilly muddie," Rosie lisped with pretty concern as she kissed her mother.

"Promise not to leave her for one second, Miss Power."

Agnes gave the enforced promise, and Rosie went with seeming reluctance from the room; but her pace quickened once she was down the stair, and developed into a run as she reached the gate.

Agnes glanced out of the window as she crossed the room for a chair. The world was so beautiful without, and it was the first time she had looked out that day. The atmosphere of the house was oppressive. Every door and window was tightly closed, and this was in August.

"Don't you think it might do you good to let a little fresh air in now," suggested Agnes, gently.

"Let some air in!" reiterated Mrs. Melville. "Do you know what you are saying? You don't understand my extreme delicacy, Miss Power, that is it; you don't under-

stand. Why! one breath of air might bring back my attack; air is all very well for big strong people, but for me—"

She had risen in her earnestness, and now sank back seemingly exhausted, and Agnes worked on after this in silence. And oh! the bitterness and heartache that went into the mending of that table cloth!

After tea, though, release came for a time. Some members of the family strolled in, and while they were with Mrs. Melville Agnes made her escape.

"Might I go for a walk?" she asked.

Mrs. Melville smiled—a pretty, plaintive, weak smile.

"Go, Miss Power; you must want a stretch. Take a good long walk, and don't mind me; I shall be all right till you come back; or go for a walk in the garden—perhaps you would like that better."

Agnes sped away, but not to the garden; there would still be that sense of suffocation there. She turned her steps down the village toward the water, but it could not be reached. No tempting paths led to its edge. There was only a wide stretch of swampy grasses and wet sand. So Agnes looked at it from afar and thought of her home lake which lay as bright as a gem in the summer sun, reflecting high blue mountains, and now carrying spotless silver on its breast. Then she was wont to steal down to its edge and let the waters lap against the very stone she sat on as they sang to the rhythms of her sweet girlish dreams, but this was all done with now. They had been but dreams, and this was the awakening.

"It will be better by and-by," thought Agnes. A cool breeze crept over the river and reached her. Such small things inspire or strengthen young hearts with hope, and Agnes Power's heart was young. Our spirit is young just so long as we are free from wrong-doing.

Two or three people she had met while they called on Mrs. Melville passed her as she stood on the bridge. Each one stopped. Each one supplemented the customary words of conventional greeting with earnest enquiries about Mrs. Melville's state of health.

"She had had one attack," said Agnes, in answer to all enquiries, "at least she had been threatened with an attack."

Agnes had already learned to be very minute over particulars concerning Mrs. Melville. It seemed as though the air was impregnated with her position. Even here she might not throw off her bondage.

The sun was sinking slowly to sleep in a huge dark cloud which augured ill for the morrow; it had almost disappeared. One of these strange, unaccountable ideas, which will at times overpower all reasoning faculties, infested Agnes's mind. She must reach the summit of the hill before the sun entirely disappeared. It would signify there was still brightness in store for her; if not—

She was no longer Mrs. Melville's companion—she was a child! Free! She flew with light feet over the hedge, pressed panting up the hill. The sun was almost gone; the cloud was greedy of its glory! Faster! Faster still! The summit was reached; she leant against a tree, her breast heaving, her eyes sparkling from the race, the bright colour burning in her cheeks and a smile of victory curving the corners of her mouth. She had won. There was still a golden rim above the heavy cloud! Agnes returned to the house with a happier heart.

Mrs. Melville smiled a warm welcome on her as she entered. There was an open letter in one of her small white hands. Agnes felt the smile was due to this epistle. She had not long to wait for the confirmation of this idea.

"I have just had a letter from my boy, Maxwell." She smoothed it out between her soft white hands. "He is coming home; he is on his way."

"I am so glad," cried Agnes. A weight was already lifted from her shoulders. Mrs. Melville would, no doubt, be better, brighter, when her boy was at hand.

Agnes sat willingly enough by the bedside to listen to a long eulogy of this self-same son. "How noble he was—how tender—how truthful—how thoughtful of her; he had nursed her through many illnesses with the devotion and care of a woman."

"And your eldest son, is he not coming, too?"

"Oh! Hugo!" There was a visible change in face and tone. "Hugo seldom sends me word of his wanderings—he is fishing somewhere, I suppose; he is not a home boy like Maxwell."

Even after her assertion that she was completely indifferent to the society of the male sex, Agnes, it must be confessed, looked forward with considerable eagerness to Maxwell's advent. It would mean a certain freedom to her; he, no doubt, would take his mother's thoughts from their present narrow channel of ill health.

The days ran on in their usual routine for a fortnight after this, and then a telegram came that Maxwell would arrive that night.

Agnes was just on the border-land of sleep when a vigorous pull at the door-bell aroused her. There were hurried footsteps along the passage. The sound of welcoming voices in the hall, mixed with loud manly tones. The strong tread on the stairs made her smile to herself, it was such a relief. Every one in "The Grey House" was wont to go about on tiptoe, and she had acquired the habit.

Agnes fell asleep, still with that smile on her lips, and never wakened till the morning sun stole in through the open window and fell on her face. Then she jumped up with the joyous consciousness of having fallen asleep with a happy thought, and then the thought burst upon her.

It must be admitted she took even more than usual pains with her toilet; not that she dressed differently, but to-day

dressing was a delight. She looked very fresh, and fair and girlish as she stood, half an hour later, in the dining-room doorway. So Maxwell thought, as he turned from the sideboard at the sound of her voice, giving his mother a morning greeting.

"Maxwell," said Mrs. Melville in dulcet tones, "this is the lady I was telling you about; my son, Miss Power."

Breakfast was quite a different thing to what it was before; there were gay voices and gayer laughter. Agnes felt instantaneous friendship for the bright, frank-faced young man who had brought such sunshine into the gloomy house.

"I suppose you have been everywhere already, Miss Power; I have but the pleasure of introducing you to the beauties of my native place."

Agnes's eyes fell before answering, and Mrs. Melville broke in:

"The weather has been so wretched, Max, so far pleasure has not been forestalled; you might take Miss Power for a drive this morning."

How she had misjudged kind little Mrs. Melville. Agnes's conscience smote her as she uttered her thanks; these thanks were all directed to Mrs. Melville. Maxwell twitted her on the subject as they drove through the town.

"What had my mother done that she should merit such a smile from you?"

"What?" cried Agnes, airily, "didn't she suggest this delicious drive?"

"But I was going to."

"How am I to know that?" retorted Agnes, lightly.

"Besides, I never throw away a smile."

She was conscious her companion's creed was slipping away from her. This was not the manner in which she should speak to her keeper's son.

The keeper's son, nevertheless, found it very entrancing. He bent down to catch a sight of the laughing eyes turned purposely away so as to defeat his object, and just then someone coming out of the post-office waylaid them.

"You! Maxwell," called Mrs. Martin. "Why! when did you come?"

She stretched her hand across Miss Power to take his, and then vouchsafed her a "howdoyoudo," December-like in its frigidity.

"Last night," said Maxwell, in answer to her query, "and I found my mother's health much improved, thanks to Miss Power's kind care."

"You must not interfere with that care." This was said in warning tones. There was no mistaking their meaning.

Agnes Power drew herself up haughtily, and Maxwell brought his whip down on the horse's back, causing it to rear, and Mrs. Martin to beat a hasty retreat.

"Confound the old cat," said Maxwell, savagely.

Agnes laughed. This language was a relief to her. She had been living so long in an apparently artificial atmosphere.

Maxwell laughed, too. He was beginning to think he hadn't done such a bad thing in coming home just then. He realized that a summer spent in his mother's home might not be such a slow affair after all.

He pointed out the different places of interest as they went along, the deaf and dumb institute among the number.

Agnes asked, with her chin in the air, "if that was the most interesting place they could boast of? I sometimes wish, though, that I were dumb," she said recklessly.

"Ah!" Maxwell bent again to meet her glance, and this time was successful. "Dumbness would hardly matter with eyes that speak like yours."

She became silent and still after this, and Maxwell felt he had made a mistake; but he dexterously led the conversation to impersonal subjects, and after a time Agnes forgot her displeasure, if it had been displeasure.

"You will come again," said Maxwell, as he held her hand one moment in his after helping her to alight.

"Yes; I shall come again."

She ran up to her room with a song on her lips, and wondered why the air seemed delirious with joy. Then she wrote a long letter to her mother, a letter written in her old gay way, recounting every interesting detail of her life, and ending with a glowing description of the morning drive, drawing Maxwell's portrait with a few words.

"He is very fair," she wrote; "so fair as to appear at first almost effeminate, but his features are finely cut, his figure slight but manly, and he possesses the sweetest smile I ever saw on man or woman."

The dear mother at home smiled happily over this letter, happy that her child's life should be brightened by the arrival of this charming young man.

CHAPTER IV.

"They have no feeling."

Agnes Power's love of beauty was something beyond the mere sensation of pleasure which anything lovely to look upon gives to our senses. She loved beauty because it was beauty! Just as she tried to do right for the sake of right alone!

She was passing down one of the side streets leading towards the water, a walk she had not taken before. It was now early in September. Already there were crimson leaves amongst the maples, and a feeling of autumn had come into the air. As Agnes walked along she felt invigorated by the fresh, cool breeze. It was a north wind, and the north wind always filled her soul with delight.

As she passed down the street, giving casual glances at the white-washed cottages, the groups of villagers congregated around each door step, she came to a house smaller

than all the rest; but this one had an air of comfort and refinement that the others did not possess.

This was a very small yellow cottage. There were hop vines trained over the little verandah, forming an archway in the centre, and a long narrow flower bed on either side of the steps full of sweet old-fashioned flowers. Tall China asters brushed their many-coloured faces against the dark green of the luxurious vine. These flowers were Agnes Power's favourites. She stopped to admire them fully, and as she stood there a young woman stepped out of the cottage door. Then Agnes forgot all about the China asters in astonishment at the singular beauty of the woman before her.

Her eyes were what struck you first—long, narrow black eyes—the whites so brilliant as to attract your attention at first seeing, and the eyebrows lying closely above them were jet black, and in almost straight lines. The forehead was broad and low, and masses of heavy black hair waved loosely back from the forehead; the nose rather long, with large delicate dilating nostrils, nostrils that quivered with every breath she took, and gave you the idea of a restive horse restrained; the mouth was somewhat large and full and red, but well shaped. As she stood looking in silence at Agnes Power, for that first moment, the colour came and went under her skin of ivory tint and smoothness, as is the habit with highly impulsive people. The gown she wore was of some soft pale yellow stuff, well suited to show off her dark beauty. It was full in the waist, but not too full to show the lines of her perfect figure; the skirt was very long and clung closely to her, and the yellow kerchief about her neck was loose enough to show a throat that might have caused the envy of a Grecian goddess. One arm was passed through the handle of a small basket, her hand caught her gown, raising it slightly—this gave sight of a long and well-shaped foot. As she stood there as Agnes thought "what a subject for an artist's brush," and she thought this, the girl moved down the steps towards her.

"Were you coming in?"

"I was passing and stopped to admire your China asters."

"Oh! Do you like China asters? I love them. They are so stiff and stately and bright, and they have no feeling. That is the best thing about them."

As the girl spoke, she turned aside and hastily broke off two or three of the brightest flowers. How her eyes flashed and her face lighted when she spoke! There was evidently no want of feeling about her! Agnes wondered who she could be. She was beautiful, refined. But she lacked that nameless something which the blood of centuries alone bestows or the custom of society gives.

"Are they for me?" said Agnes. The graceful, spontaneous act touched her. "You are very good."

The thin black brows came together ominously. There was a tightening, almost to thinness, of the full red lips.

"No! I am not good. No one calls me that."

All her impulsiveness had vanished. The waning colour crept away and did not return. Agnes thought she was even handsomer without it; the dead contrast between the ivory skin and black hair.

"I am very fond of flowers, very," Agnes went on. She felt the girl had fallen into unpleasant thoughts and wished to bring her back to the moment. There was a certain impulsiveness also about Agnes Power by nature. She had taken to the girl; she was attracted, interested, and she wished at once to learn more about her.

"I have a great many at the back; would you come round; would you care to come?"

The colour rushed back again into the girl's face. There was a little tremour of excitement about her, a wonderful brilliancy in her smile, as Agnes unhesitatingly pushed open the little gate and entered.

"I know who you are," said the girl, as she led the way round the house. "You are the young lady who has come to live with Mrs. Mat Melville."

"My name is Power. I am Mrs. Melville's companion."

"I see you passing to church every Sunday. I saw you the first Sunday. After that I went to the corner and watched for you. I never go to church; I couldn't keep still enough when I was a child, and afterwards it worried me worse. Do you really believe in church, Miss Power? It always seems to me that the altar is the stage, the clergyman the performing actor, and that he is showing off, and the congregation showing off—it all seems unnatural."

"It doesn't do to invest a community with the colour of your own mind. You are unused to church, therefore it is unnatural to you; when the spirit is not in a thing it always appears farcical."

"I never thought of it in that way before," said the girl, softly. Perhaps, then, if I went often I should grow to love it."

"What a sweet garden," cried Agnes.

It was very small, but everything in it looked fresh and fair and flourishing. Flowers of all sorts were here; many coloured portulaccas, mignonnette, heartsease, heliotrope, sweet peas, a few late roses and more China asters.

"Everything is so beautifully kept."

"I do it all myself—I live alone; I belong to no one. My mother died when I was a wee thing; my father brought me up. He died five years ago; he was French, my mother was a Spaniard." All this in quick, hurried sentences.

That accounted for it, then; the girl's strange, dark beauty, her refinement, spirit, impulsiveness.

"And you live all alone?"

"Yes; father left me a little money, and I add to it by doing fancy work and plain sewing. Father was very particular about my learning sewing; he said it kept a woman

out of mischief. It keeps me very busy: I couldn't live if I wasn't."

"And you are happy?"

The straight black brows came together again. Agnes was sorry the moment she had spoken. With quick tact she turned the subject.

"What a dear old tree—a regular 'elliot oak,' and there is a bench beneath it. I suppose you work there."

"Yes, and read."

"What do you read?"

"Poetry mostly."

"Poetry!" reiterated Agnes in surprise and pleasure.

"What poetry do you read?"

"Byron." Then with fervour: "Doesn't he touch you? Stir you? He makes the blood beat in my veins until I forget who I am."

Then she calmed suddenly.

"He was a bad man of course. But then he suffered. If he had married Miss Chaworth he might have been so different."

"It is only a weak or bad man, though, who allows one circumstance to alter his whole life, at least in line of conduct."

"He suffered," said the girl quietly. "I am always sorry for those who suffer."

"And for people who do wicked things," said Agnes thoughtfully, "so am I."

"Are you like that?" The girl's eyes flashed with sudden light. "I thought it was only people who had done real wrong who felt like that."

"Every one does wrong. Every one suffers for doing wrong," said Agnes. "Each one of us has done something of which we repent in pain and prayer. It may be a thing of small magnitude in the eyes of many. Yet, if it is the greatest wrong we have committed, it is the greatest crime in the world to us. We feel it as such, suffer for it as such."

The girl caught Agnes's hand in a hot grasp.

"No one ever talked like that before; you make things seem easier."

She turned away hurriedly. There was a slight convulsive movement of her frame, and though she stooped and plucked a flower, she was wondrously pale when she again turned to Agnes Power.

"You must be tired. Miss Power; won't you come in and sit down and rest."

"My name is Alminere La Jeunesse," the girl said as she walked by Agnes's side to the house. "It sounds incongruous, doesn't it? You see, my father was a Frenchman; Alminere was the name chosen for me by my mother."

"Alminere," said Agnes. "It is peculiar."

They had entered the house, passed through a small dark passage, emerged into a tiny but bright, home like room.

Agnes took up the book lying open on the table, and saw it was a volume of Byron. Where it was open a passage was strongly marked in pencil:

"I saw him stand
Before the altar with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The starlight of his boyhood."

"That is very beautiful," said Agnes. "Byron is intoxicating, but he is not healthy."

"Is cake healthy?" Alminere responded, quickly; "yet we all eat it."

Agnes could not restrain a laugh.

"What made you first fancy Byron?"

"Someone gave me a copy."

Alminere coloured vividly. She seemed to keep an uneasy eye on the book in Agnes's hand. As Agnes went to lay it down it slipped and fell to the floor, where it lay open, with the fly-leaf in full view.

Alminere moved hurriedly forward and caught it up; but Agnes's quick eye had seen a name in a clear, bold, masculine hand—"Hugo Melville"; and underneath, "Alminere," and then a date.

The discovery chilled Agnes. Why should Hugo Melville have given a book like this to the girl? Why should she be ashamed of the fact? Or, rather, why should she have appeared anxious to conceal it?

"I really must go now," said Agnes. "I am quite rested she had not sat down!—and thank you again for the flowers and the glimpse of your pretty garden."

Even as she spoke she was conscious her manner was colder than she had meant it should be.

Alminere felt the change. Her eyes were saddened and pained.

"Won't I see you again? If you have any sewing to be done I—"

Agnes suddenly melted. She spoke with her old warmth.

"I will come and see you without any 'sewing.' I have a volume of Tennyson. I will bring it. He is safer than Byron."

"I hate Tennyson," said Alminere emphatically. "He writes of the life I know nothing about." Then, "but I will read anything you want me to." This very humbly.

"Perhaps Emerson would be better—and Longfellow is best of all." Agnes smiled. The girl's submission had touched her.

"Now, good-bye Alminere." She held out her hand, Alminere stooped impulsively and laid her lips upon it.

"What a very peculiar girl," said Agnes to herself as she hurried back to "The Grey House." "A girl with a nature like that needs a lot of training, and how lovely she is!"

(To be continued.)

LALEET.

I.

How beautiful she was, the little maiden,
Twelve summers old,
Who faded like a fading star, love-laden,
Her love untold.

II.

I knew not, I who far out-ran her days,
How much I erred
In paying court to her endearing ways,
How much I stirred
The fount of her affection with my praise.

III.

No sunrise fairer is than was her face,
No moonlit skies
More lovely than the tenderness and grace
That filled her eyes.

IV.

Her presence harmonized all dissonance,
And ever wore
A charm akin to music and romance
And fairy lore.

V.

Poor child! among her hidden notes one said
She dreamed of me,
And fancied that she saw me lying dead,
Drowned in the sea,
But that no dream it was the tears she shed.

VI.

When life's white rose its latest leaf was shedding,
And o'er her broke
The sobs of mourners in her chamber treading,
Vaguely she spoke:
He knew not of my weeping at his wedding!

VII.

Those simple words, in whispered cadence spoken,
All winds repeat;
I shudder at the tale which they betoken,
My lost Laleet!

VIII.

I hear them in the surging of the billow,
Through storm and gloom;
They pierce me from the rustle of the willow
That shades her tomb
And drops a denser shadow on my pillow.

IX.

Ye softest harmonies of air and ocean,
Of mount and vale,
Rehearse the passion of her heart's devotion
Till suns shall fail
And orphaned planets lose the joy of motion.

GEORGE MARTIN.

WHAT THE BALLOON HAS DONE.

The proportion of balloon accidents to the successful descents has, on the whole, however, been probably smaller than should have been anticipated. Blanchard, the first to take up ballooning as a vocation, died in his bed, in 1809, after having made 66 ascents without accident. Many ascents have been made in the cause of science; and the names of Green, who made over 1,209 ascents; of John Wise, who made the distance from St. Louis, Mo., to Jefferson County, N.Y., 1,200 miles, in 20 hours; of Gay-Lussac and Biot, who in 1804 made a most valuable series of meteorological and physical observations at the height of 19,000 feet; of Glaisher, who rose to 37,000 feet with the aeronaut Coxwell; and especially, recently, of the brothers Tissandier,—all these are familiar to every one.

In 1794, the balloon was used for military purposes by Gen. Jourdan, who secured continual observation of the Austrian movements, and thus gained the battle of Fleurus. The French are also reported to have used the same method in the battle of Solferino. A balloon corps was organized by Gen. McClellan at the outbreak of our own Civil War, 1861; and the use of balloons was one of the regular and daily means of obtaining information of the movements of the enemy. During the siege of Paris, the balloon became the only means of sending despatches out of the beleaguered city, and proved to be very reliable. Of all the balloons sent out from Paris, over 60 in number, but three were lost; and they, probably, simply because they were despatched at night to avoid the risk from the fire of the enemy, which, as the event proved, was far less dangerous than darkness. Every government probably now has a balloon corps.—*Prof. R. H. Thurston, in the Forum.*

A little fellow found that the older pupils in school were going off for a long tramp in the woods. He asked to be allowed to go, and was told he was too small; but he begged so earnestly, and was so sure he would not be tired, that he was finally allowed to go. He held out bravely, though the last two miles were almost too much for him. "I am not tired," he said; "but if I could take off my legs and carry them under my arms a little while, I should be glad!"



F. C. BENWELL,
The young Englishman whose body was found in Dead Man's Swamp.
(Zybach, photo.)



JAMES CLARKE, Esq.,
Grand Master, Grand Orange Lodge, Ontario East.
(Topley, photo.)

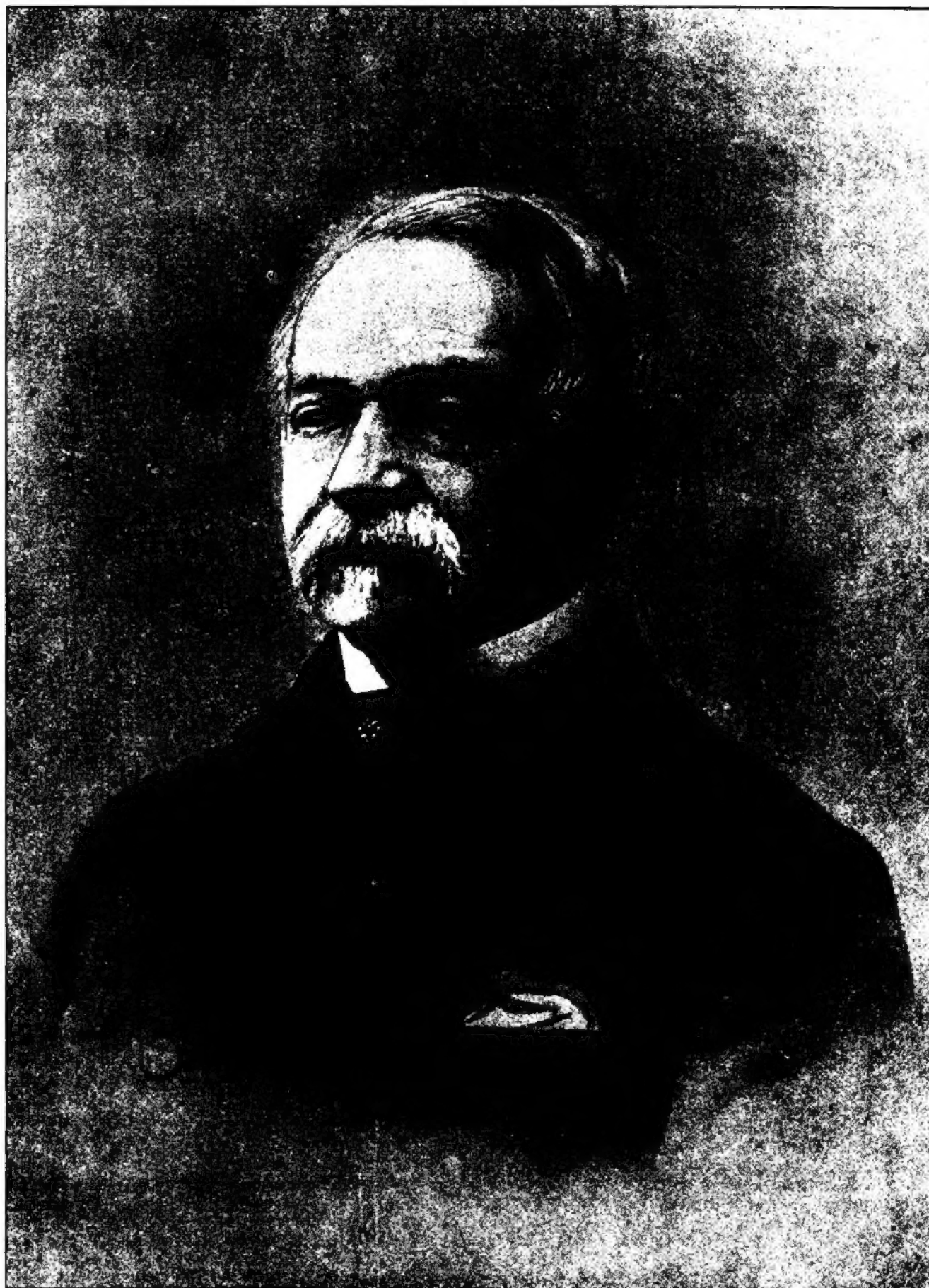


Detective Murray.

C. T. Long, *Empire* reporter.
John Rapp, who heard the shots fired.

DEAD MAN'S SWAMP, PRINCETON, ONT., SCENE OF THE BENWELL TRAGEDY.

(The stump with the hat on it is the exact spot where the body was found, the right foot resting upon the stump.)



WM. SMITH, ESQ., DEPUTY MINISTER OF MARINE.
(Topley, photo.)



An American doctor says he has found the tying of a hand or handkerchief over the mouth (if the subject can breath easily through the nose) to be an effective cure for snoring.

POTATO BALLS OR CROQUETTES.—Four large potatoes, two ounces of butter, one tablespoonful of cream, the yolk of one egg, salt and cayenne pepper. Boil or steam the potatoes, peel and dry them thoroughly, mash all together and pound five minutes in a mortar. Make into balls the size of a walnut, cover with yolk and bread crumbs, and fry in hot lard.

For rheumatism beat up one egg, yolk and white together, add one wineglassful of brown vinegar, and one wineglassful of turpentine. Let the mixture stand one hour, then put in bottles and cork. Evening and morning rub the part affected by the pains with the above mixture. It is also useful to rub on the neck when the throat is sore, or on the chest when the cold is there.

When curtains are to be put away for the winter they must be shaken gently to free them from dust before being put in the wash-tub. They must be well washed, boiled, and rinsed in plenty of clean, cold water, and dried as smoothly as possible. It is not a good way to starch curtains, or anything else that is to lie away for some time, as the starch is apt to rot the fabric.

A LUXURY OF THE BATH.—A bath bag is a little toilet article that almost everybody finds pleasant to use. It is quite easy to make one by taking the upper part of a fine white or unbleached stocking and filling it with equal parts of barley and bran. Throw it into the bath and allow it to remain until the water feels soft and smooth to the touch. It has a fine effect upon the skin.

BANANA SALAD.—Slice lengthwise about six bananas for nine people. Lay these around a side-dish, leaving the centre free. Make a syrup of sugar and water, rather thick; in this squeeze the juice of one lemon; rub two lumps of white sugar on the rind of three dark-skinned oranges, and let these lumps dissolve in the syrup. Cut up the three oranges, and pile them in the centre of the dish. Pour the syrups, when perfectly cold, on all the fruit, then pile up in the centre, over the oranges whipped cream. This is a delicious dish for either dessert or tea.

LADY FINGERS.—Take six eggs, separate them and beat the yolks with one-half pound of sugar until very light. Sift in one-quarter of a pound of flour with as much soda as you can lay on a three cent piece, and twice the quantity of cream of tartar, which stir into the sugar and yolks as lightly but thoroughly as possible in alternation with the whites of the eggs, which must be beaten perfectly stiff. Make a paper funnel of stiff brown paper and put the dough through it, pressing it out in strips about a finger long and the thickness of a lead pencil. Put on unbuttered paper and sprinkle with granulated sugar; bake in a quick oven, and when cool wet the under side of the paper with a brush and put the fingers together back to back.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

In a room where the glow from a huge fire of logs gleamed on walls tapestried with scarlet stuff almost hidden by pictures, medallions, bronzes, enamels, and faience, over antique and curiously carved furniture in massive wood incrustated with mother of pearl, ivory, and marquetry and blue Japanese vases as tall as a man, filled with palms and ferns, the great tragedienne, Sarah Bernhardt, receives on a couch covered with white bear skins and heaped with fragrant gold-embroidered cushions of violet silk. About her are the trophies of her triumphs—huge bouquets of rare exotics fading amid their streamers of red, pink, and yellow ribbons, flagons, and great goblets of beaten silver and incrustated gold, and crowns of laurel in beaten gold and silver. On a credence table is a curious collection of mechanical dolls, wonderful in the realism of their movement; opposite, a chest covered with antique bric-a-brac of incalculable value; all about everywhere, covering the floor, couches, and chairs, are soft skins of fur, tiger, panther, wildcat, lynx, and beaver, while here and there sculptor's blocks uphold unfinished busts veiled with muslin, whose potter's clay, marked with the artist's thumb, awaits her rare intervals of leisure for completion.

In the studio, no more coffins covered with white satin doing duty as sofas, no longer the silver mounted skull brimming with sparkling wine; even the tame lion is dead, who was wont to bite the legs of importunate bores much to his mistress' delight and her guests' consternation. In her place two handsome dogs, Capitaine, the blooded greyhound and Tesco, the red-haired setter, spring at the coming guest in greeting.

Sarah Bernhardt's life is extremely simple. Her rooms are a rendezvous for dramatic authors and known and unknown poets of both sexes, who come to read their poems to her, who occupy her mornings, to whom she listens so graciously that a friend exclaimed on one occasion: "Oh, how good you are!" "Not at all," answered the actress. "I am not good; at least, I have no natural goodness, which is the only true kind, and which I love and admire

more than anything. I am not good by instinct but by reflection and by my will." If by chance she is free for a morning she devotes the leisure to her sculpture, of which she is very fond. At half past eleven she bathes and dresses for the brilliant breakfast at which she entertains her intimate friends.

A young London artist, Mr. Walter Spindler, has conceived the unique idea of painting in water colours a whole gallery of Sarahs in all her roles. He has already made forty-seven, one of the most artistic being as she is in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," in her costume of Roxana, and the most curious is taken from the fourth act of "La Dame aux Camélias," of which all that is seen of her is a bit of her hair from behind an immense white fan.

It looks as though India would become a held of occupation for ladies who, like Miss Orme and Miss Lawrence, have devoted their studies to the law. The examination of female witnesses in India has long been a source of difficulty, from their strong ideas on the impropriety of giving any evidence in a public court. Whenever their attendance has been absolutely necessary, they have come in closed palanquins, and permitted to remain closely veiled. The Nizam of Hyderabad is about, however, to appoint a number of commissioners for the purpose of taking evidence in the Zenanas, which, as long as existing prejudices last, will prevent much unpleasant feeling to native women. The qualifications that these ladies must possess are a knowledge of law, both English and Indian, Urdu, Persian and Arabic, and a good salary and appointments lasting several years are offered. India is at this moment the great outlet for fully qualified lady doctors.

There is a growing favour of theatre waists for ladies. Elaborate costumes are crushed by passing in and out of the aisles and in the narrow chairs of the orchestra and balcony. This is an unnecessary sacrifice, as only the bodice is visible when the theatre cloak is thrown back. A skirt of plain black faille Francaise or silk-warp cashmere, with a variety of dressy waists, answers every purpose. Cheapness of toilet is by no means implied. Think for a moment of the Figaro jacket with belt and buckle. It is made of steel or gold cord, and consists of short rounded fronts and a trimming for the middle of the back united by a stand-up collar. The jacket is edged with finely cut bead drops and hooks into silk loops on a faille Francaise bodice, the hooks being sewn on invisibly. The belt is 1½ inches wide, and fastens with a handsome buckle to match the trimming.

A ROMAN MAIDEN.

In the course of some excavations at Rome for some new law courts which are to be erected, two sarcophagi have been discovered. One of them proved to be of great interest. In it was the skeleton of a girl, and around her were her ornaments, pieces of the linen which had wrapped her, falling rapidly to dust, broken leaves brown with time, evidently the wreath with which she had been crowned in death, the myrtle emblematic of her youth. On the bones of the finger were four rings, one of these the double betrothal ring of plain gold, another with the name of the betrothed, "Filetus," engraved on it. A large and most exquisite amethyst brooch in Etruscan setting of the finest work, carved amber pins, and a gold necklet with white, small pendants were lying about. But what is most strange, as being almost unique, a doll of oak wood beautifully carved, the joints articulated so that legs and arms and hands move on sockets, the hands and feet daintily cut with small and delicate nails, the features and the hair carved out in the most minute and careful manner, the latter waving low on the forehead and bound with a fillet. From these remains and from a touching sculpture on the sarcophagus we can tell the story of Tryphæna Creperia, for so her name is given, with nothing more to identify her. It is known that, when girls were betrothed in early times, their dolls were presented as an offering to Venus, so this young girl had doubtless been betrothed to Filetus, who had presented her with the double ring and with one on which was engraved his name, when fatal illness overtook her on the very threshold of life. In the carved stone work of the coffin, Tryphæna is represented lying on a low bed, trying to raise herself on her left arm to speak to her disconsolate father, who stands leaning on the bedstead, his head bowed with grief. The mother sits on the bed, her head covered, weeping. Such is the parting; and the ornaments which were to have been for the bridal of their child are laid by loving hands in her tomb, where she has slept unknown for nearly eighteen centuries.—*Selected.*

LUCID.

Less than a hundred years ago, according to the *Irish Law Times*, a proclamation was made at the Market Cross of Inverary, Scotland, which warned off poachers in this mixed style:

"Ta hoy! Te tither a hoy! Ta hoy three times!!! an' ta hoy—whist! By command of his Majesty King George, and her Grace te Duke of Argyll:

"If anybody is found fishing about te loch, or below te loch, afore te loch, or ahint te loch, in te loch, or on te loch, aroun te loch, or about te loch, she's to be persecuted wi' three persecutions: first, she's to be burnt: syne, she's to be drown't; an' then to be hang't. An' if ever she comes back, she's to be persecutit wi' a far waur death. God save te King an' her Grace te Duke o' Argyll."

THOR.

Here stood the great god Thor,
There he planted his foot,
And the whole world shook from the shore
To the circle of mountains God put,
For its crown in the days of yore.

The waves of the sea uprose,
The trees of the wood were uporn,
Down from the Alp's crown of snows
The glacial avalanche borne
Thundered at daylight's close.

But the moon-lady curled at his feet
Like a smoke which will not stir,
When the summer hills swoon with the heat,
For his strength and his love were for her
And she melted his soul with her sweet.

Empty the moon-lady's car,
And idly it floated away,
Tipped up as she lift it afar
Pale in the red death of day
With its nether lip turned to a star.

Fearful the face of the God,
Stubborn with sense of his power,
The seas would roll back at his nod
And the thunder-voiced thunder-clouds lower,
While the lightning he broke as a rod.

Fearful his face was in war,
Iron with fixed look of hate,
Thro' the battle smoke thick and the roar
He strode with invincible weight
Till the legions fell back before Thor.

But the white thing that curled at his feet
Rose up slowly beside him like mist,
Indefinite, wan, incomplete,
Till she touched the rope veins on his wrist
And love pulsed to his heart with a beat.

Then he looked, and from under her hair
As from out of a mist grew her eyes,
And firmer her flesh was and fair
With the tint of the sorrowful skies
Sun-widowed and veiled with thin air.

She seemed of each loveable thing
The soul that infused it with grace,
Her thoughts were the song the birds sing,
The glory of flowers was her face
And her smile was the smile of the spring.

Madly his blood with a bound
Leaped from his heart to his brain,
Till his thoughts and his senses were drowned
In the ache of a longing like pain,
In a hush that was louder than sound.

Then the God, bending his face,
"Loveliest," said he, "if death
Mocked me with skulls in this place
And age and spent strength and spent breath,
Yet would I yield to thy grace;

"Yet would I circle thee, love,
With these arms which are smoking from wars,
Though the Father up-gathered above
In his anger each ocean that roars,
Each boulder the cataracts shove,

"To hurl at me down from his throne,
Tho' the flood were as wide as the sky,
Yea, love, I am thine, all thine own;
Strong as the ocean to lie
Slave to thy bidding alone."

Folds of her vesture fell soft,
As she lifted her eyes up to his:
"Nay, love, for a man speaketh oft
In words that are hot as a kiss,
But man's love may be donned and be doft."

"Love would have life for its field—
Love would have death for its goal;
And the passion of war must yield
To the passion of love in the soul,
And the eyes that love kisses are sealed."

"Wouldst thou love if the scorn of the world
Covered thy head with its briars;
When soft as an infant curled
In its cradle, thou, chained with desires,
Lay helpless when flags were unfurled?"

Fiercely the God's anger broke,
Fired with the flames in his blood:
"Who careth what words may be spoke,
For the feet of this love is a flood
And its finger the weight of a yoke."

"I bow me, sweet, under its power,
I, who have stooped to none;
I bring thee my strength for a dower,
And deeds like the path of the sun;
I am thine for an age or an hour."

Then the moon lady softly unwound
The girdle of arms interlaced,
And the gold of her tresses unbound,
Till it fell from her head to her waist,
And then from her waist to the ground.

"Love, thou art mine, thou art mine,"
Softly she uttered a spell;
"Under the froth is the wine,
Under the ocean is hell,
Over the ocean stars shine."

"Lull him ye winds of the south,
Charm him ye rivers that sing,
Flowers be the kiss on his mouth,
Let his heart be the heart of the spring,
And his passion the hot summer drouth."

Swiftly extending her hands,
She made a gold dome of her hair;
Dumb with amazement he stands,
Till down without noise in the air,
The moon-car descends to the sands.

He taketh her fingers in his,
Shorn of his strength and his will;
His brave heart trembles with bliss—
Trembles and will not be still,
Mad with the wine of her kiss.

They mount in the car and its beams
Shoot over the sea and the earth,
And clothe in a net-work of dreams
The mountains where rivers have birth,
And the lakes that are fed by the streams.

Swiftly ascending the car,
Kindles the clouds in its flight,
Piercing the ether afar
Up to a bridge out of sight
That skirteth the path of a star.

One end of the bridge lay on land,
The other hung over the deep;
It was fashioned of ropes of grey sand,
And cemented together with sleep,
With its undergirths formed like a hand.

Pleasant the land to the sight,
Laden with blossoms and trees,
And the grasses to left and to right
Waved in the winds like the seas
When the blue day is high in the height.

Under the breezy bowers
Cushions of moss were laid,
And ever thro' sultry hours
Fairlylike fountains played
Cooling the earth with their showers.

The horizon was crowned with blue hills
And woodland and meadowland lay,
Lit with the glory which thrills
Souls in some dreamland way,
Where the nightingales sing to the rills.

Deer and the white kine feed
On the foam-fretted shores of the lake
And thro' many a flowery mead,
And from many a forest and brake
The gold birds of paradise speed.

The lissome moonlady led on
Up to a bower on a hill
With the flowers at its door rained upon
By a fountain as constant and still
As the bow in the rain that has gone.

"O love, thou art weary," she said,
"Who erst wast so valiant and strong,
And here will I make thee a bed,
And here will I sing thee a song
To the tune of the leaves overhead."

"And here will thy great strength flow,
Melted away in the sweet
Soft touch of ineffable woe,
Which is heart of the joy made complete
And the taste of the pleasure we know."

When the mosses were piled in a heap,
He laid his giant form down,
And she charmed all his senses to sleep,
With her hands on his head like a crown
Till the sound of his breathing was deep.

With a noise like a serpent's hiss
The moonlady bent her head,
And she sucked out his breath with a kiss—
A kiss that was subtle and dread,
Like the sorrow which lurks in a bliss.

Then she rose and waved her hands
In circles over the sod,
And her gold hair fell in strands
On the limbs of the sleeping God
With the strength of adamant bands.

She opened the great clenched fist
And softly the lady withdrew,
Was it only a serpent that hissed?
For her face is transparent as dew
And her garments are thin as the mist.

Spell-bound on the dreamland floor,
Chained with the golden hair,
Weak as a babe lay Thor,
While the fountains played soft in the air
And the nightingales sang evermore.

Like a babe in its cradle curled,
He was chained with his chain of desires,
Tho' they needed his arm in the world,
For the battle-strife raged and its fires
And the flags of the gods were unfurled.

Then Odin, the Father of Heaven,
Called a council of gods on high,
To each was a white cloud given
At the foot of his throne in the sky,
And the steps of his throne were seven.

"Children," the Father cried,
"Lost is the great god Thor,
Lost is the sword at his side,
Lost is his arm in the war,
And the fury which all things defied."

"In the heart of a dreamland bower
Sleepeth he under a spell,
For he yielded his strength for an hour,
And under the meshes of Hell
He is chained by invincible power."

"None may the meshes unbind;
Strength must return to his will,
And himself must unshackle his mind
From the dreams he is dreaming still
In the moonlady's tresses entwined."

"Over the mountains the road,
Dismal and drear to return;
Face it he must with his load,
Tho' the underbrakes crackle and burn,
Tho' the serpent-bites blister and goad."

"Not a mere shadow is sin,
Clinging like wine to the lip,
To be wiped from the mouth and the chin
After man taketh a sip,
But a poison that lurketh within."

"The forces that hold back the sea,
That grapple the earth from beneath,
Are not older than those which decree
The marriage of sin unto death
In the sinner whoever he be."

"Who of our numbers will go
Up to the death-tainted land,
Braving the dangers and so
Reaching the heart and the hand
And the form of the god lying low?"

"Sire," answered Balder the fair,
"Rugged the journey and long,
Manifold dangers are there,
But my heart and my arms are strong
And my soul is as pure as the air."

"I will go, for we need him in war,
And without him we struggle and die;
I will put on the armour he bore
And gird on his sword to my thigh;
I will sit by and say, 'I am Thor.'"

"Perchance when he opens his eyes,
Shorn of his own armour plate;
Smitten with rage and surprise,
Burning with anger and hate,
He will burst from the bed where he lies."

"Swift as the kiss of the fire,
Knowledge shall flash to his brain,
And the thought of his past self inspire
His spirit with valour again,
Till he shatter the bonds of desire."

So Balder, the fairest of all
And purest of gods by the throne,
Went from the heavenly hall
Into the darkness alone
To loosen the God from his thrall.

Black was the charger he rode,
Winged and its eye-balls of fire;
From mountain to mountain it trode,
Spurning the valleys as mire,
Till it sprang into air with its load.

Then swift, with its neck side-curved,
Half hid in the smoke of its breath;
Upward it bounded and hurled
Volleys and splinters of death
From the fire of its hoofs on the world.

The moonlady leaned from her car
And beheld the fierce course of the God,
For as tho' with the birth of a star,
A fire-track as straight as a rod
Burnt in the heavens afar.

Then she trembled and sickened with fear,
Till her face grew as white as the mist,
While the love-laden eyes disappear,
And her body did coil and untwist
Like a serpent's folds caught in a weir.

Her heart was a fire that was spent,
And her lips could not utter a charm,
And she cowered from his sight as he went,
While Balder flew by without harm
'Neath the shield of a pure intent.

He came to the moonlady's bower
And girded the sword to his thigh,
And put on the cincture of power,
Unbound from the God lying by,
Nor waited a day nor an hour;

For quickly the sleeper awoke,
And he lifted his head with surprise;
But Balder sat upright, nor spoke
Till the flames darted out of Thor's eyes,
And the passionate silence he broke.

"Who is it, when dreaming is o'er,
Mocks me with helm like to mine,
Ungirding the armour I bore
From the sweet silken nets that entwine?"
Quoth Balder "Behold! I am Thor."

"I am he that was 'Thunderer' called,
And my fame is as wide as the world;
At my anger the rocks were appalled,
And the waves of the sea were up-curved,
But now I am weak and enthralled."

"The battle is fierce on the earth,
While I sit here idle and still;
Unfulfilled are the hopes of my birth,
For the strength of the mind is the will,
And the will is far stronger than girth."

"The foes of the gods wax bold,
And they mock at the armies of heaven;
At their banquets the story is told—
'A weak woman's heart hath been given
To Thor, the avenger of old.'"

"And the wives as they sit by the cot,
Sing, 'Sleep, for the God cannot come;
Sleep, the avenger is not;
Hush, let his praises be dumb;
Hush, let his name be forgot.'"

Then the God, smitten with pain,
Shamed and stung to the heart,
Knowing a god's voice again,
Rending his fetters apart,
Sprang from the moonlady's chain.

Instantly vanished in night
Fountains and meadows and streams,
Never a glimmer of light
Lit up the palace of dreams,
As the God made his way without sight,

Back to the heavenly shore,
Over mountain and wild ravine,
Morasses, and seas that roar,
Till the portals of heaven were seen
And he stood in Valhalla once more.

Drummondville, Q. FRED. GEORGE SCOTT.

LINES.

Amidst the worry and the strife
Of a toilsome city life
My tired eyes with gladness view
The wondrous dome of azure hue,
Which hovers o'er me, like a sea
Whose waves are cloudlets, floating free.

Ah! If I could float away
On these fleecy waves, till day
Darkened into night—and then,
With the stars, look down on men,
'Twould be bliss; yes, bliss divine.
But that bliss can ne'er be mine,
For I'm but of mortal birth
And am pinioned to the earth.

Yet, the radiant skies of dawn
Will not let me hopeless mourn.
And in late noon's rosy mist,
Which the sun has gently kissed,
In the aerial forms which rise,
Find I many a sweet surprise.

Is aught below so vast, so grand,
Unspoiled by art, untouched by hand?
Is aught below so fair and free
As yon blue sky which smiles on me?

But, 'tis night—'tis night I love;
Soft, caressing, like a dove.
Then doth shine the mystic moon,
Then the stars peer through night's noon.
'Tis then I feel in tender mood,
'Tis then I am, if ever, good.
My sad soul seems more pure and free
Under its solemn canopy,
'Tis then my wild and struggling mind
Doth burst the bonds which fain would bind;
'Tis then deep, serious thoughts arise
Thoughts of a world beyond the skies.

Then let them sing of trees and flowers,
Singing birds and leafy bowers;
I—I raise my song more high,
And sing the ever glorious sky.
Be it dark or be it bright
It is e'er my chief delight,
For its beauty cannot fade
Till Death wraps me in its shade.

EDITH EATON.

Most women of intellect and fine figure have felt these charms to be sufficient and have neglected their faces. The result has been an army of women with hideous faces caused by blotchiness, redness, roughness of the skin, pimples, disgusting blackheads, liver spots, and other imperfections which the professional beauty has with such acumen been careful to either cure or prevent.

Mrs. Langtry, Adelina Patti, Clara Louise Kellogg, Mrs. James Brown Potter, Mme. Mojeska, Fanny Davenport, and Helen Dauvray thoroughly understand the importance among woman's attractions of a perfect complexion. They have tried every imaginable remedy, and have unanimously agreed on one—the one used by all the professional beauties. It is a well-known fact to every thoughtful woman that any imperfection on the face suggests uncleanness to men, and honest confessions made by 'men of the world' reveal the fact that they have been absolutely disgusted with women because of imperfections on their faces.

NOTE.—The Récamier preparations are the remedies referred to in the above article.

What the Récamier Preparations are and why they are to be used.

Récamier Cream, which is the first of these world famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Récamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Récamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids Récamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Récamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches, is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after travelling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Récamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Récamier Soap is a perfectly pure article guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Récamier Cream and Lotion.

The RECAMIER TOILET PREPARATIONS are positively free from all injurious ingredients, and CONTAIN NEITHER LEAD, BISMUTH NOR ARSENIC, as attested to after a searching analysis by such eminent scientists as

HENRY A. MOTT, Ph.D., LL.D.,

Member of the London, Paris, Berlin and American Chemical Societies.

THOS. B. STILLMAN, M.Sc., Ph.D.,
Professor of Chemistry of the Stevens Institute of Technology.

PETER T. AUSTEN, Ph.D., F.C.S.,

Professor of General and Applied Chemistry, Rutgers College and New Jersey State Scientific School.

If your druggist does not keep the Récamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from either of the Canadian offices of the Récamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul Street, Montreal, and 50 Wellington Street East, Toronto. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices: Récamier Cream, \$1.50; Récamier Balm, \$1.50; Récamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, \$1.50; Récamier Soap, scented, 50c.; unscented, 25c.; Récamier Powder, large boxes, \$1.00; small boxes, 50c.

CASTOR-FLUID

Registered—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family, 25c per bottle.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,
122 St. Lawrence Main Street.

HUMOUROUS.

KNOW THE SIGNS.—"Ma, the minister is coming." "What makes you think so? Did you see him?" "No; but I saw pa take the parrot and lock it up in the stable."

CURRENT ART.—Cromo Agent: Do any of your family take interest in current art, madame? Farmer's Wife: My darter does, sir. She puts up jelly every season.

SHE SUCCEEDED.—Husband (to extravagant wife): You have succeeded at last in making something out of me. Wife: I knew I would. What is it, dearest? Husband: A pauper.

PREACHER: How did you like my sermon to-day, Mrs. Smith? Mrs. Smith: Charming. O, tell me, who was that odious-looking woman in the first new pew with the plum-coloured hat?

"A penny for your thought!" exclaimed Miss Amy to young goslin. "Oh, aw—I don't want to wob you like that, doncher know," replied Goslin, and then he couldn't see why everybody laughed so uproariously.

"I want the library," said Mr. Gaswell to the architect, "to be the largest and airiest room in the house." "I don't see what you want with a library," interposed Mrs. Gaswell; "you know very well you don't smoke."



BURCHALL, accused of Benwell's Murder. MRS. BURCHALL.
MRS. BURCHALL'S SISTER.
(Zybach, photo, Niagara Falls, Ont.)

THE HONEYMOON.—Young Bride (pouting); Here, we have only been married two days, Clarence, and you're scolding me already! Husband: I know, my dear, but just think how long I've been waiting for the chance!

A SAD OVERSIGHT.—Maker of musical instruments (cheerfully rubbing his hands): There, thank goodness, the bass fiddle is finished at last! (After a pause) Himmel! Donnerwetter! If I haven't gone and left my glue pot inside!

WAGGISH FRIEND: "Where did you get that—?" Spriggings (gasp): "Eh? What?" "That hat?" "O! Hat? Of course, of course! Bought it around the corner. I was afraid you were going to ask me where I got this umbrella."

FOREARMED: "Then, my dear, you have really made up your mind to marry a widower?" "Certainly." "But suppose he begins to talk to you about his first wife?" "If he does, I shall have something to tell him about my third husband."

AN OHIO MINISTER, at the close of some remarks in his own church, said: "We will now hear from our coloured brother." The visitor addressed, before entering upon his subject, said: "My brother is mistaken; I am not coloured. I was born black."

THE ATTENDANT IS WONDERING YET.—"This is where we cast our cannon," said the polite attendant. "How interesting!" said the sweet girl. "And where do you blow your great guns? I've heard a yachting friend of mine speak of that so often."

SHE WANTED AN INTRODUCTION.—Charles: I adore you, Edith, but alas! I am poor. However, I have a wealthy uncle from whom I have expect— Edith (eagerly): Is he married? Charles: No darling. Edith: Then introduce me to him, there's a dear.

TRAMP (at the kitchen door): That cake smells tempting. Cook; It's some the cookin' school young leddies made—twenty times mixed with forty things. Tramp: I wish I had some. Cook: Wull, Oi'll give ye a piece if ye'll ate it outdoors. Oi don't want ye to die in th' house.

SHE TESTED THEM.—Mistress: Are these

the apples I sent you to get? Bridget: They are that same. Mistress: Why have you bitten them all? Bridget: Sure, mum, ye tould me to get nothin' but good atin' apples, an' I tasted ivery wan iv them; an' what wid the grane wans an' the wormy wans, I'm like to die.

"So, Mr. Hankinson, you are going on a tour of the world?" "Yes, Miss Whitesmith." "And will you promise to write to me from every country you may visit?" "Promise? Ah! you know not how I will value the privilege. And you will really care to hear from me?" "Yes: I am collecting the postage-stamps of all countries."

A REVIVALIST requested all in the congregation who paid their debts to rise. The rising was general. After they had taken their seats a call was made for those who did not pay their debts, and one solitary individual arose and explained that he was an editor, and could not pay while the rest of the congregation were owing him their subscriptions to his paper.

WORMWOOD: "I'll neva call on Miss Blyland again; no, nevah." What's the mattah?" "She insulted me, doncher know?" "How was that?" "I was standing in the hall last night with me tall hat and cape coat on, and she pwetended to take me fah the coachman and said: 'Jenkins, you should stand outside or someone will steal your whip.'"

A SOURCE OF ANNOYANCE.—A gentleman, coming home at evening, spoke harshly to his little three-year-old, who was playing very noisily. The little lady dropped her playthings and retreated hastily to a corner. "What's the matter?" asked papa. "Well," said the child, "I've been a good girl all this day, and now you come home and make trouble the first thing."

EXCLUSIVE DEALING.—Irish Landlord (boycotted): Pat, my man, I'm in no end of a hurry. Put the pony to, and drive me to the station, and I'll give ye half a sovereign! Pat (Nationalist but needy): Och shure, it's more than me loife is worth to be seen droivng you, yer honour. But—(slily)—if yer honour would jist droive me, maybe it's me-self that might venture it!

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 16, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year: 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second, cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.